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THE HISTORY OF 1848.*

THE past year has been fruitful in great events. Those events have succeeded each other in such rapid succession—revolution has followed revolution—Government has given place to Government—men have been so suddenly elevated and so suddenly recalled into oblivion—that the public mind has been confused by the vast number of occurrences, each of which would have been sufficient to mark a year as memorable. The huge tide of “news” which daily sets towards our shores has floated over the whole kingdom, and produced a remarkable effect upon the minds of men. But the narratives which have been published are so hasty, so various, often so contradictory, and always so incomplete, that it is not surprising that false ideas should be propagated. The impressions of one day have been effaced by the next. One account has opposed itself to another; events have been magnified or diminished according to the temper of their narrators; so that upon the whole it was impossible for the general reader to form any correct estimate of the great movements of 1848. Christendom has made more progress during these twelve months than it has made during many preceding years; and we congratulate our readers that they will now be enabled, through the medium of Mr. Kelly’s able and interesting volume, to glance at the history of one of the most stirring periods whose events are related by the historian. He has linked together into one great chain the revolutions of the Continent; beginning with France, from the day when Louis Philippe opened the Chambers, and thence continuing his narrative through all the changes which occurred on the Continent down to December last. He then extends his observations to the United States; and, lastly, casts a rapid glance at the progress of Great Britain and Ireland. His history will be found valuable by all who wish to acquire a clear and correct idea of the causes which led to the insurrection of February, and subsequently to the general convulsion of the Continent. It is a plain, consecutive, and comprehensive narrative, and, as such, will be widely read, and we doubt not, well appreciated. We propose, in company with our author, to take a rapid glance at the course of events.

All classes of Frenchmen had looked forward with interest to the opening of the Parliament. For a long period it had been evident that Louis Philippe, intent on the aggrandisement of himself and his family, was animated by no love of his people; the fact was manifest beyond doubt, that he was seeking, by all the means in his power, to deprive his subjects of their liberty, to cheat them of their rights, and to prevent their expressing an opinion on his policy, through the constitutional means of addresses delivered at public meetings and dinners. Accordingly, when the royal speech was pronounced by the king in person, in

* “The History of 1848.” By Walter K. Kelly, author of “A Narrative of the French Revolution of 1848.” London: Bogue.

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which the Reform banquets were denounced as the results of an agitation fomented by blind and hostile passions, the words were received with loud murmurs of anger and disapprobation. The paragraph had this effect: it increased the eagerness of the people for reform. A grand banquet was announced for the 19th of January. The prefecture of police gave notice that the requisite permission would be refused; the stewards replied that they stood in need of, and should ask for no permission, and then pledged themselves that the meeting should be held. However, the banquet was postponed until the 22nd of February.

The Chamber voted the paragraph of the address echoing the obnoxious passage in the royal speech. From this date immense excitement prevailed in Paris, which went on increasing until Thursday, the 21st, when the Government issued three proclamations, absolutely prohibiting the banquet. Previously to taking this tyrannical step, Louis Philippe had surrounded himself with those defences which are only needed by a despot. The city was filled with armed men, supplied with ammunition, and every requisite for crushing an insurrection. Artillery and waggons thundered all night along the streets, until, when the placards were posted on every wall in Paris, it seemed as if no power would be sufficient to oppose with success the vast military force which had been organised. But, unluckily for tyrants, soldiers are not always mere machines; they are susceptible of opinion, and have an awkward dislike to murdering their fellow citizens—a fact which has been sufficiently demonstrated by the late Continental revolutions.

Irritated and surprised, the population of Paris at once began to effervesce; ominous crowds collected; slight collisions took place with the military; which gradually growing more serious, the National Guard was summoned by beat of drum to assist in maintaining order. Stupidly and blindly the Chamber of Deputies went on discussing a Bordeaux Bank Bill, until the city had been turned into a great camp, lit up by bivouac fires, and occupied by immense bodies of troops. On Wednesday morning the barricades rose rapidly all over the town; blood was shed; the soldiers charged the people; several on both sides were killed. The Guizot ministry fell; Count Mole replaced the crafty man of Ghent; but the popular mind was not now to be calmed by this concession. But order might have been restored, had not the soldiers of the 14th regiment, stationed on the Boulevards de Capucines, animated by some unexplained impulse, commenced a massacre, in which they were seconded by a squadron of Cuirassiers, who charged over the dying and wounded, and, plunging into the crowd, slaughtered men, women, and children with indiscriminate brutality. After this there was no hope for the Government. We shall not recapitulate events with which all are familiar. Paris rose with general consent, and Louis Philippe was dethroned and an exile within a few days. The Provisional Government was formed, an attempt was made to appoint a regent, and to name the Count of Paris as king. But royalty had had a long trial, and had been found wanting. "*Vive la Republique!*" therefore, was the cry raised by those who had contributed to the downfall of the Orleans dynasty. They had spent their blood and risked their lives to accomplish the revolution, and were not now content to see one tyrant succeeded by another.

It was not to be looked for that among a number of men of different principles and characters, who had been suddenly elevated to power, complete union should exist. However much this is to be lamented, it must always be expected. Men have their favourite projects and views, and egotism prompts them to support these alone, without considering the danger attendant on the strife of factions under a completely new order of things.

Mr. Kelly presents us with a succinct and highly-interesting narrative of all these events. Whilst describing the exciting scenes of February, he allowed himself little opportunity for calling attention to the various individuals who appeared upon the stage of public affairs. As soon, however, as the Provisional Government is formed, and the erection of a new Constitution upon the ruins

of the old dynasty begins to be considered, he turns his gaze upon the remarkable characters who have played so eminent a part in the events of the year.

Lamartine obtains his almost unreserved praise. Ledru Rollin appears to be his *bête noire*; Louis Blanc he characterises as a wild and dangerous visionary; whilst Caussidiere is described as working out order through disorder. With all his views of men we do not agree, for we consider Ledru Rollin, among others, to be treated by him with far more severity than he deserves. Mr. Kelly describes him as guilty of culpable negligence throughout his whole administrative career, and charges him with appointing persons to the highest offices without instituting any kind of inquiry into their previous career. We think, on the contrary, that had the counsels of such men as Ledru Rollin been allowed to prevail throughout the four months which succeeded the fall of the monarchy, France would have presented a much more cheering aspect than it does. But we must not pause to discuss these questions here; neither must we attempt to give an outline of the events which took place between February and June. Indeed, to condense a narrative already so condensed would be merely to indicate a succession of landmarks, a list of which would possess little interest. The procession of two hundred thousand citizens which gave rise, according to M. Lamartine, to the first fears of the Republic, placed that able but vacillating statesman in the highest position to which he could have aspired. It was well that he was placed there. He did his duty; and he performed great services for France; but we fear that he will never again rise to the height of public estimation which he enjoyed in May, 1848. The elections of June took place amid much excitement. The successful candidates were of various characters. Caussidiere was followed by Moreau, Goudchaux, and Changarnier, moderate republicans. Then came Thiers, whom we should wish to see excluded from all participation in French affairs. Pierre Leroux and Victor Hugo succeeded. Louis Napoleon—the unworthy puppet who now fills so awkwardly the office of President—was the next on the list. Some others there were, among whom Proudhon was conspicuous.

The movement against the *Ateliers Nationaux* elicited a counter movement amongst the Red Republicans, among whom a conspiracy had long been organised. A grand meeting had been arranged by them to be held on the 14th of July. On the second of June, seeing the active measures taken by Government, they resolved to anticipate the proposed dinner, and commence the action on the morrow. No efforts of the executive were sufficient to arrest the movement. Plans were formed, and in great part acted upon; but the Club of the Rights of Man and the delegates of the *Ateliers Nationaux* had organised their schemes so well, that when at twelve o'clock on the 23rd the first shot was fired, the insurrectionists found themselves completely entrenched and fortified within a line of formidable barricades. From that moment until a late hour on the following Monday a desperate contest was maintained. The battle raged over the whole city; blood flowed in torrents; immense slaughter was committed on both sides; until at length the Government prevailed, and General Cavaignac succeeded in suppressing the tumult, and arresting the hideous carnage. After describing with a powerful pen all the varied and exciting scenes of this melancholy drama, Mr. Kelly says—

“Let the reader imagine, if he can—what no description can portray—the horrors of a capital given up for four days to universal battle, waged on both sides with furious bravery, and merciless hatred and vengeance. So vast a massacre, so immense a desolation, wrought in the heart of a city by the hands of its own citizens, never before occurred, even in the annals of civil warfare or of Paris revolutions.”

The trials of the prisoners accused of participation in this bloody insurrection occupied all the remainder of the year. The total number of them was 10,838, of whom 6,237 were set at liberty, 4,346 were condemned to transportation, and 255 sent before courts-martial. “A strange incident,” says Mr. Kelly, “occurred during one of the trials. One of the judges, Major Constantine, having pressed

hardly upon a prisoner in his examination, the latter exclaimed, 'It well becomes you to question me thus. Why, you know that you were to have been Minister of War had we succeeded. You know that you commanded at one of the barricades, dressed in a blouse?' An inquiry having been instituted, the result was that Major Constantine was arrested, tried, and found guilty. He was sentenced to three months' imprisonment, to be cashiered, and to be incapacitated from serving the State either in a military or civil station."

Enlivening his narrative with an immense number of anecdotes and remarkable instances such as we have quoted, Mr. Kelly proceeds to give the history of the events which followed the insurrection of June. In his speculations on the various addresses of vindication delivered by Ledru Rollin, Louis Blanc, and Caussidiere, he displays much moderation and extreme impartiality, although in the case of the first-named speaker we may discern a little prejudice colouring his abstract of the speech. When he comes to discuss the constitution, which was at length, after a month's debate, confirmed by an immense majority in the Assembly, we have the following admirable statement of the real position of the President of the new Republic:—

"Elected by universal suffrage to the chief office in the executive, the President of the Republic should be the representative of the sovereign people; but he is so hemmed in by checks that his power is all but neutralised. The provisions regulating his position and functions are a jumble of decrees, sometimes just enough, but not falling into one intelligent whole, not guided by any master principle. The negative prevails throughout. He is elected for four years; and the first thought is to cut off any chance of his establishing a family interest by making him and all his relations, "to the sixth degree inclusive," ineligible for the next term. He disposes of the army, but must not command it in person; nor can he make war without leave of the Assembly. He negotiates and ratifies treaties, but they must be ratified by the Assembly. He presides at national solemnities, receives a salary of 24,000*l.* a year, and is lodged at the cost of the Republic. He chooses his own ministers and dismisses them, but all other acts of his are invalid, unless countersigned by a minister. He is himself responsible, as well as every other officer in his department. He may convene the Assembly, but if he dissolve or prorogue it, or hinder its meeting, he is guilty of high treason. He can only perform many important functions with the advice of a council of state, elected by the Assembly; and, in short, if he strictly observes the letter of the constitution, it is not easy to see how the Republic can have in him an efficient officer."

The selection of Louis Napoleon to fill this important office we regard as one of the most unfortunate acts recorded in French history. While so many men, possessing far more ability and honesty, stood around, ready and willing and able to undertake and perform the duties of President, to choose a prince manifestly infected with imperialism, appears an act of the blindest folly. No one animated by any feeling for the welfare of the Republic hoped for the success of Louis Buonaparte; few expected it. It will be well for France if the pretender fails to prove himself as dishonest as he is incapable. A few months will show.

The first month of 1848 saw a popular rising in Sicily. The people drove out the Neapolitan troops from all the great towns. A constitution was offered them; they refused it, established a provisional government, decreed the deposition of Ferdinand, and declared the island independent. All over Italy the revolution of February produced an immense effect. The massacre of Milan, the outrage at Pavia, and numerous other acts, encouraged, if not perpetrated by the authorities, had agitated the public mind in a high degree. It would be useless within the limits to which we are confined to glance at all those stirring and important events, which are related by Mr. Kelly in the present valuable volume. It may suffice to look at the results. In Italy we have a liberal government established; the Pope an exile from his capital, and the public mind rapidly freeing itself from those iron bonds of superstition which have so long enslaved the nation. The infallible old gentleman of the seven

hills has been cooling his heels for a considerable period at Gaeta, where we think it likely he will remain. At least his influence is for ever gone. He may be thrust back upon Rome, encircled by a rampart of foreign bayonets; but he will never regain the position he has lost; his temporal, with, we imagine, a large portion of his spiritual, authority has been scattered to the winds. Mr. Kelly thus concludes his sketch of the history of Italy in 1848:—

"The Chambers were dissolved on the 25th of December. At sunset that evening, the Castle of Saint Angelo, by the consecutive discharge of a hundred-and-one great guns, announced to this metropolis and the world in general that the dynasty which had reigned over Rome for 1048 years, had come to a close, and a new government was to be called into being by the mandate of the whole population, assembled in a constituent representative body by universal suffrage. The great bell of the capitol, which only tolls for the death of a pope, pealed solemnly. It was exactly on the 24th of December (the fatal night of the flight of Pío Nono), that in the year of our Lord 800, Charlemagne arrived in Rome to be crowned on Christmas-day by Leo III., and to institute and formally corroborate the donation of Pepin by the erection of the papal sovereignty."

Meanwhile we cannot but look forward with interest to the ultimate settlement of the Sicilian question. We need hardly state that our sympathies are entirely averse to that ferocious and cowardly tyrant who reigns in Naples. Mr. Kelly hates him as cordially as we do, and the account he gives of the atrocities perpetrated by the odious despot—atrocities which cannot be denied—will be sufficient to inspire every reader with the same feeling. It was a disgrace, therefore, for the Sicilians to be ruled over by Ferdinand. They felt the disgrace, and furthermore knew that they were unjustly governed; that feeling and that knowledge having become almost universal in the island, there was nothing left to try but insurrection, for the Naples butcher is deaf to all arguments not enforced by pikes and artillery. The struggle was brief but bloody. How long it would have continued, but for the intervention of the English and French admirals, is doubtful. However, it was terminated by an armistice, and the question is to be settled by mediation. We trust that the rights of the Sicilians will be taken into due account by the negotiating powers, and that the vile tyrant of Naples will not be allowed further to oppress and enslave a race not properly subject to his authority.

Whether Venice will succeed in ultimately establishing her independence, remains a matter of doubt. The conduct of her citizens has been most exemplary. Oppressed and insulted by their Austrian rulers, they had long chafed and fretted in secret beneath the galling yoke, and the first news of the Vienna outbreak was sufficient to rouse the city into insurrection. The people rose, drove out the troops, and have ever since remained in the same attitude. The main land was occupied by Austrian armies, the Adriatic was commanded by Austrian cruizers, and Venice was thrown entirely on her own resources. Her exchequer ran low; her expenditure increased; every method of raising a sufficient revenue appeared to have been exhausted, when the citizens came nobly forward and contributed, either in cash or in liabilities, the sum of thirty millions of florins within the year. Hardships, privations, sufferings of every imaginable kind have been endured by them with patience; they have sustained severe contests with the enemy; have repulsed impetuous attacks, and made gallant sorties, deserving the admiration of the whole world. Such men as the citizens of Venice are worthy of freedom.

The news of the revolution of February produced an immediate and powerful effect on the slumbering mind of Germany. Vienna and Berlin rose in revolution. Blood was shed in profusion. The monarchs of Austria and Prussia respectively, after slaughtering numbers of their subjects, and beginning to fear for themselves, made large promises; boasted of their paternal love of their people; talked also of peace and universal brotherhood; and, in fact, employed with much success all those arts of cant, falsehood, and hypocrisy for which

kings in a state of alarm are so celebrated. Their unhappy subjects listened to them, and with stupid simplicity believed the whining tyrants, and allowed them to laugh in their sleeves with impunity, whilst the funeral processions of their victims passed along the streets. Ultimately, Prussia has succeeded in procuring a constitution, such as it is; while the people of Vienna, although they also are to have a constitution, appear to be sinking into as low a depth of oppression and misery as they ever were. But the democratic principle is unextinguished there. Military tyranny may have suppressed it, but it will only be for a time. The new emperor will doubtless, unless fear should constrain him to act constitutionally, and to respect the rights of his people, have to pass through many a period of insurrection, if he be not finally deposed, and sent to join his amiable friend, Louis Philippe, in England. Hungary has not fulfilled our expectations; the part her armies took at the last insurrection at Vienna, when the inhabitants of the invested city were anxiously waiting and counting upon their assistance, has not raised them in the estimation of the world. Austria will probably be victorious in the present contest; but the year 1848 will not be the last of the revolutionary years. On the whole, the progress of the world during that period has been more rapid and decided than that of many preceding years. 1848 has already been the parent of numerous startling and portentous events; but the future only can show in full the results of the French Revolution of February.

After reviewing the history of Germany during this insurrectionary period, and speculating on the question of German unity, Mr. Kelly passes on to the war in Schleswig-Holstein, then to the United States and California, and finally to Great Britain and Ireland. The invasion panic, the Chartist movements, the Irish rebellions, the progress of Parliament, the commercial vicissitudes and foreign relations of the empire, are discussed briefly and ably, and the work concludes by a gloomy picture of the position of England with regard to her foreign dependencies:—

“The chances of this eventful year have brought our mismanaged colonies no relief for their chronic maladies. We have had one of our costly little border wars in the Cape Colony; we have put down and punished with barbarous severity an insurrection in Ceylon, which we had provoked by our mismanagement; and we are now engaged in a sanguinary war in the Punjaub, where the whole Sikh race has risen in insurrection against us.”

The measures of reform which will probably be carried out during the present session of Parliament will do more towards ensuring the country from the evils of internal strifes and dissensions than any organisation, however vast and formidable, of military force. The reduction in the national expenditure is one of the most important of these measures. Mr. Kelly does not touch on it in his work, but it will probably form a prominent feature in the history of the progress of England in the year 1849. The public mind has been awakened to a due sense of the injustice and iniquity of that system which robs the poor and humble for the gratification of the wealthy and privileged; which takes from the needy to fill the purses of the rich; which oppresses the industrious to aggrandise the indolent; which, in short, plunders the indigent to feed and fatten a lazy and corrupt upper class. It has been demonstrated that the country is paying millions more than it can afford—more than is required for the service of the State; that vast reductions can be effected without detriment to the nation; and that the oligarchy is at present in possession of privileges which enable it with impunity to swindle the poor out of their honest earnings, merely to gratify its own vile cupidity.

Accordingly, Financial Reform will be the great question for the discussion of Parliament. We observe societies springing up in all quarters, for the purpose of agitating, meeting, and petitioning for reductions in the national expenditure. The movement will receive the support of all the industrious and honest classes of society. The independent portion of the press has already acknowledged its justice, and accorded its assistance, although some journals still

oppose a feeble resistance to the arguments of the Reformers. There are a few, however, who, while admitting the necessity for a decreased expenditure, and allowing that such a reduction might easily be effected, are yet violently alarmed when privilege is attacked, when titles are spoken of with contempt, when the rights of industry are shown by the side of the rights of idleness and luxury. Without belonging to the aristocracy themselves, they defend it through thick and thin; they palliate its crimes, excuse or justify its frauds, encourage its idleness, deny its cupidity, its dishonesty and selfishness, and, in a word, place their feeble strength in opposition to the condemning voice of public opinion. We in our last spoke of the aristocracy as having, for many years, shielded themselves from taxation, which is a fact, of which the probate and legacy fraud is an example. But we did not bring that fact forward as an *argument* for the necessity of financial reform; we were showing the justice of forcing the titled incapables who legislate in the Upper House to contribute towards the expenditure of the country; to repay part of that which they have extracted from the humble and the indigent. However "absurd" it may appear to certain journalists, however "incredible" it may be in their comprehension, it is a fact which not all the false statements uttered by Lord Brougham, and other notabilities less known for their political treachery and want of faith, will be sufficient to disprove. The thousands who crowd our unions, who wander houseless and starving from door to door in search of bread, who perish daily for lack of nourishment—those to whom Coleridge speaks when he says—

——— "Ye numberless,
Ye whom Oppression's ruffian gluttony
Drives from the feast of life"—

they it is who plead eloquently for cheap government, that they may have cheap food, a roof to dwell under, and clothes to cover them. This country has been too long disgraced by the contrast of palaces with hovels and holes; of gorgeously-apparelled aristocrats with naked beggars; of pampered nobles with starving paupers; of idle and luxurious vampires with industrious and honest men, who toil away their lives and can scarcely earn a sufficiency of food. These things must be altered; and when Mr. Walter K. Kelly comes to review the history of 1849, as he has so ably and judiciously reviewed that of 1848, he will have to chronicle the passing of some acts of reform, which, if they be speedily carried into effect, may save the country from those disasters towards which the present system tends. We now dismiss the volume which has furnished the subject of these remarks, and feel sure that our readers will find it, as we have found it, a valuable, interesting, and complete sketch of one of the most eventful periods of modern history.

THE WHITE ROSE.

AN INDIAN TALE.

By PERCY B. ST. JOHN.

CHAPTER I.—THE RENDEZVOUS.

THE green boughs waved lowly and gently by the waters of the soft Meandonga, a little tributary of the huge Red river that washes the borders of Texas and the United States; the wind came mildly along the wide and swelling plain, that stretched away far beyond the capabilities of vision; the sun was setting full of red in the west, and scarce could yet be seen above the horizon, which seemed saturated with blood. It was a rich autumn evening—the leaves were falling from the trees, and other wintry signs were given.

At the edge of a small bay, formed by an enlargement of the width of the Meandonga, and surrounded on all sides by thick bushes and over-hanging trees, was a fire; it burnt low, and was evidently concealed with care, while a small and elegant canoe was drawn close up beside it.

By the fire sat a young man, sufficiently far back not to be too plain a mark for any prowling Indian or other forest outlyer. He was tall, dark, and tolerably handsome, with a pair of black moustachios, and a mien which was not altogether that of the woods. His costume, however, was that of a forester. He wore a dark green frock covered with fringe and tassels, a cap of similar make, and leggings suited to his life.

His rifle lay across his knees, a sharp knife was seen at his side, while a brace of pistols peeped from his belt.

"An hour after sundown," he muttered—" *ma foi*, another hour of patience and hunger, for my luck has been but little to-day. Nor deer, nor turkey, not even a rabbit, could I slay this mortal day."

And the young Frenchman leaned his back firmly against a tree, as if prepared to wait calmly.

Something made him think more deeply than is usual with young men of his age and country; but then Adrien Montluc was a political refugee, a Paris republican artist, compromised in the affairs of the Cloître St. Merry, and it was permitted him sometimes to think of France, of Paris—that city, it is true, of much vice, but of much that is charming, delicious, exquisite.

But did no other thought occupy the young Frenchman? Was there not in his eye the soft confession that woman occupied a portion of his attention? Was it some love far away—some sweet remembrance of the past?—delusive visions that rise up to torture us in proportion as they are charming in their details and incidents.

But a young Frenchman rarely permits his ideas to carry him back; he reserves memory for old age, when reality is gone, and one loves to dwell in still rapture on the recollections of the past.

"An hour," he muttered, and then suddenly paused, stooped and glided into perfect darkness to listen, for he had heard a sound.

"A fire, I'll swar!" said a voice at some distance; "and no Ingine one, I'm bound. Darn my stockings, but the fellow is up to trap, for he's in the very centre and bos of as smart a bog as any in Lousyana!"

"Steady!" cried a second voice, "and don't splutter about the diggens in thim ways, or you'll disjoint the brute."

"Shut your pratie-trap," said the first, "and jist let's reconnoitre the camp. It looks darned queer-like. A fire, and never a watcher."

"Advance and show yourselves!" exclaimed the young Frenchman, in plain English, but with a very strong accent—"there is no danger."

"Well I reckon that's not the raal article, Jim," said the first; "that's nit raal genuine A-merekan, it smells rather Ingine."

"No! no!" replied Jim, sagely; "he's a Britisher, and can speak good English, which I reckon few can out of Boston or Philadelphia."

"I'm French," said Adrien, with a laugh.

"Oh! oh!" said the first speaker—Harry by name—"that's the very thing. Well, I calculate I know a thing or two—I'm wide awake, I am, and I guessed as much. But I say, stranger, jist shove a few branches on your fire, and we'll have a look at one other."

Adrien complied, and saw before him two tall, stalwart hunters; one quite young—Harry; and the other Jim, a man of middle age.

"I conclude, stranger," exclaimed Harry, "you'll not object, seeing you're alone, that we bivouac on your ground. We've a fine deer here, two rare turkeys, a bottle of prime brandy, and lots of 'bacey—and, excuse me, but you arn't overstocked."

"You're too polite," said the young Frenchman, grimly, "for I've nothing, and hav'nt eat this day."

"Darn my old grandmother," cried Harry, "but that do beat old Bunker! Jim, jist cut off a few slices, and set to work, while I'll make some marrow broth."

Jim was hanging the deer up by the legs preparatory to the necessary process, and he nodded assent; while the young Frenchman, who was really faint from hunger, sat down, and waving his hand, invited his companions to follow his example.

"Well, if that ain't small petatoes and a few of a hill," muttered Harry, hauling out from a sack a number of well-pared elk marrow-bones, full of rich fat marrow—"Christian man, and a hunter, hungry in these diggens."

"The fact is," replied Adrien, with a slight blush, "I was near the Indian camp all day, and didn't like to fire a shot."

"Engines!" said Harry, starting to his feet. "Where?"

"About two miles down yonder," replied Adrien, pointing to the west.

"Curse the varmint," exclaimed Harry, "we're bound to have a scrimmage—a fine levy that, I can say. But let's fill the internals on which a man does fight better than on wind."

All the time he had been speaking, Harry had been at work; a tin kettle he carried on his back was receiving the marrow and bones of the elk, seasoned duly with pepper and salt. He then moved to the water-side.

"A canoe," he said, with a whistle; "oh, oh! you are well provided, stranger."

"Call me, Adrien," replied the young Frenchman, politely.

"Well, Mr. Adrien, I must say the sight of that canoe does me good. If them darned Indians are upon us, it'll well hold four, I'll swar."

"Will it?" said Adrien, anxiously.

"It's bound to do it, and well," replied Harry, "with their rifles and traps; but here's Jim has got the steaks done, and I conclude we'll try them. They look rale juicy."

Jim had toasted with singular alacrity and rapidity, on an old ramrod carried for the purpose, several choice pieces of deer's meat, which sent forth a rare and pleasant flavour.

"My excellent and worthy friend," said Adrien, rising, "you will excuse my asking another friend to our meal."

"The more the merrier," said Harry, "save that four is a good round number."

Adrien held up his hand. He had heard a cautious footstep in the wood.

"Whew!" whistled Harry and Jim both, as an Indian girl stepped out from

behind the tree against which Adrien had been leaning. "But are there no more of these varmint about?"

"Save yourself rising," replied Adrien, who was placing the Indian girl beside him. "White Rose comes alone. You have nothing to fear."

"Alone," said the Indian girl, in a soft, melancholy voice, which made the heart of the young Frenchman thrill.

"I'll take your word for it, Mr. Adrien," replied Harry, with a sly look at the girl, "but I'm not given to consort with the varmint. I never trust 'em, except a woman, and they're terrible apt to steal."

"From bad white man, when Indian girl she see him mean to leave her," said White Rose, quickly.

"Well, that are about the locrum," exclaimed Harry, with a laugh; "but them stakes is cooling, which is a pity."

The whole party, White Rose included, after laying out some nice Indian corn cakes brought for her and the young man's supper, began to indulge in the luxury of a repast which to hungry men knows no equal. People talk of the pleasures of a good dinner, but they must have hunted in an American wood, have acquired an appetite equal to hot nails and sawdust, have waited half the day, or perhaps the whole, in the open air, without materials for eating, fully to appreciate the delights of a meal such as that of which Adrien now partook.

The Indian girl, who sat beside him, was young and pretty; she was about seventeen, and in her countenance could be read innocence and love. Her well-shaped limbs were finely set off by her scant dress. She was tall, slender, and graceful—in fact, one of those few denizens of native villages really worthy of the admiration of an European.

"She's a rare flower of the forest," whispered Jim to his companion, with a huge sigh, for the young hunter was susceptible.

"Not bad for an Engine," said Harry, in the same tone; "but don't poke any of your fun, Jim, for she's the young Frenchman's."

Jim sighed, but made no answer.

"Them stakes is done," presently exclaimed Harry; "so now let's look to the marrow soup."

Jim nodded assent, and Adrien rose. The Indian girl imitated him, and both stepped a few yards away, and began to converse in whispers. The young man spoke persuasively, and with animation; the girl seemed to implore—to resist—to hesitate.

"If you love me," said Adrien, speaking rather loudly.

"The White Rose has but one heart, it is yours," said the girl, sadly.

"Then why not fly with me?" cried Adrien.

"Was-ma will be sad."

"Then return to Was-ma," said Adrien, impatiently, for the girl spoke kindly of her old lover, her affianced husband, who loved her, though she loved him not."

"No!" cried the White Rose, after a brief pause, and speaking in a voice thick with emotion; "Was-ma is forgotten. And Indian girl forgets her village—her place is empty; she goes to the wigwam of her white husband."

A silence ensued, for the lovers spoke in tones too low to be distinguished.

"Well, Jim," said Harry, stirring his marrow soup as it boiled and seethed. I expect we're in warm water. This ere Engine gal is bound to slope with this young Frenchy, and we get a nest of hornets about our ears. What is your opinion? You're the youngest, and so you're bound to give your opinion fust in the council."

"Well," said Jim, after taking a long pull at his pipe, "it are a considerable of a tall fix; three men and a woman agin a pack of redskin devils; but the young man's white, and the gal's pretty,—my advice is to stick to 'em, and help em over their difficulty."

"Spoken like a young hasty warrior," replied Harry, gravely; "but it aint

no use calculating, for Harry Green never did desert a fellow Christian, and he aint going to begin."

"Thank you, my friend," said Adrien, warmly. "I overheard your council, and with all my heart accept your aid. I wish to gain a settlement, with this sweet girl, and will do so, or leave my bones in the prairies."

"That we're all mighty like to do," replied Harry; "but here is the soup, which with them corn dodgers wont be altogether bad; so let's eat, and then over a pipe and the grog we'll hold a rig'lar council of war."

Adrien agreed, and drawing the Indian girl close to him, served her first in a neat tin pannikin, which belonged to his wood-kit. The rest did likewise, and all were soon busy eating.

In a quarter of an hour, the three men, armed with long pipes, were holding a council of war.

The White Rose remained silent, scarcely seeming to listen. Presently, with all an Indian woman's native modesty, she glided into the wood, to leave the council undisturbed.

CHAPTER II.—THE ALERT.

"I BELIEVE," said Harry, with all the gravity that became the occasion, "you, Mister Adrien, are the youngest of this party?"

"I am four-and-twenty."

"One year younger than Jim, and sixteen less than myself," replied Harry Green. "It is therefore your turn to give advice first in a council of war. What is your spekilation on present affairs, Mister Adrien?"

"My determination is to marry this girl in spite of her Indian friends—to make her my wife in earnest, and for this purpose it is necessary to make away as fast as possible from these parts. I am not very strong in woodcraft, but I would make straight for the settlements."

"And you, Jim?" said Harry, blowing a thick cloud.

"I'm about of the same opinion as Mister Adrien," replied Jim; "I think the sooner we put our scalps a dozen miles out of reach of thim Indian devils, the safer they'll be in the ind."

"And how propose you to go?" said Harry.

"Down stream in the canoe."

"Well, it are a fact that you are two to one, but then you're younkners, both, and not to be compared to an old hunter like Harry Green. I'm of right the opposite opinion—I am. Thim Indian varmint will chase the girl down stream, as sure as I aint president of the U-nited States, and that's clear as Red River water. Now, my reckoning is, to go up the Meandonga to the lake, and thence cut across the Red River; there's a proud lot of wood and hill about that diggens, and we might risk a fight, in case of close shaving."

"A capital plan," cried Adrien.

"Wah!" said the Indian girl, standing in their midst, with her fingers on her lips; "Indian—lots—seven, ten, five, down there."

"Oh! oh!" whispered Harry, they have smelt us already, have they? Down to the canoe, all, like ghosts of your fathers; stand to your rifles and your oars, like men, while I reconnoitre, as my cap'n used to say."

Adrien and Jim, followed by the White Rose, moved away, and flitted to the boat with quick but cautious step. The canoe was entered. The girl sat in the middle, the two men at each end, leaving in the centre a place for Harry. This done, they all held their breath and listened, with an anxiety quite comprehensible in their position. Adrien felt that he was again behind a barricade, and but for his lovely companion would have wished the struggle.

A pause of ten minutes took place, and then the tall figure of Harry stood erect on the bank.

"Hist," he said; "they are close on us, twenty red-skin devils ready for the fight, and we shall have a scrimmage before we want it—but steady," he added,

entering the boat; "now shove her out gently, so; now pull up stream, boys; gently, gently—let not a sound of your paddles ripple the water."

All—including the girl—obeyed, and the canoe, once afloat, glided keenly through the water."

They had not proceeded a hundred yards when a terrific howl made them stagger, and the boat almost fell back.

"Strike gently for your lives," said Harry, in a low whisper; "they have hit the trail, see how they knock our fire about in their fury at having lost us. Now strike hard, for we have turned the bend, and they can no longer hear us."

The boat flew, under the steady strokes of the paddle.

"Steady, Mr. Adrien—steady, cap'n," said Harry, "or we sha'n't reach the lake to-night. Though I reckon it's ten years since I war there before, it's a good pull."

"Wigwam up there, on water," whispered White Rose.

"Oh! oh!" said Harry, with a low whistle; "so we were running into the jackal's mouth, and never a bit the wiser, were we? But I reckon it's lucky, for them varmint will never think us such tarnation fools as to run by the village."

"Do you mean to?" inquired Adrien.

"That do I, cap'n, and no bones broke, neither," continued Harry; "so let's pull."

The whole party now fell into deep silence, and applied themselves with diligence to their oars.

The scene to the romantic young artist was delicious. They were making their way up a narrow bayow or river, the banks of which were wholly concealed by foliage and bushes. The boughs hung down even into the water, and made landing a matter of difficulty in all save a few places. The night was dark, without moon or stars, which by imparting gloom to the general effect, added much to the interest of the scene.

But to Adrien the chief charm of the whole was the lovely, pure, and innocent being who sat near him in the boat. He had no thought but for her. After a month of patient, untiring assiduity, she had consented to elope with him, believing, like a generous-hearted woman, all his promises, all his protestations, the sincerity and earnestness of his love.

"Gently," said Harry, "I see the wigwams yonder, and I'm darned if the blessed moon arnt jist bound to come out, jist as she arnt wanted. But she's a female, and wondering's useless. Have your rifles ready, and expect to fight for your scalps. If we do have to use our shooting-irons, you keep the boat ready, White Rose."

The Indian girl bowed her head, and whispered "Yes."

"Keep close under the left bank," continued Harry; "it's most dangerous, if we're diskivered, but safest if not."

He said no more, for the sudden appearance of the moon caused the whole party to discover their proximity to the Indian village.

It was small. About twenty wigwams, in two lines along the bank, which here was bare of trees, covered only by bushes, composed the whole encampment. In the centre was a huge fire, round which seemed to be congregated the whole female portion of the little tribe, with the old men, and children.

They were talking loudly, and the disappearance of the White Rose was the subject of their discourse.

The Indian girl listened calmly, for no relatives of hers were there. She was an adopted child, a prisoner of war made in one of the forays. Beloved by a young chief, she had been brought up in the village as his wife. But though White Rose had long been resigned to her fate, she never liked the warrior who was to have wed her in a few weeks. He was one of the murderers of her parents, of her brothers and sisters. It is probable, however, she would have submitted to her fate, had she not one day have met Adrien de Montluc, and found in him an ardent, warm, and earnest lover.

Struck by his handsome form and frank manner, the heart of the unsophisticated Indian girl had been easily won.

But Adrien was a Frenchman and a Parisian, and he had by experience learned the way to a woman's heart; and the experience learned in Paris served pretty well for the woods, for women are pretty much the same in every part of the world.

The Rose, then, though regretting one or two companions of her own sex, was able to hear the discussion on her departure with tolerable coolness.

Suddenly the conversation ceased, and the same moment the rowers paused, at a sign from Harry.

"Heard you not a sound as of a canoe cleaving the waters?" said a boy to his mother.

"Go see," replied the woman.

The boy darted behind a wigwam out of the reach of the glare of the fire, and made towards the bank, while the paddlers, aware that they were discovered, plunged forward in desperate haste.

A loud howl hailed this act, and then uprose a cry of summons to the warriors afar off, which chilled the blood of the fugitives.

"Strike deep in the water, cap'n," said Harry, calmly, "and feel if your scalp be safe an hour hence."

"Trust me," replied Adrien, labouring steadily, while the Rose did so with a precision acquired by long habit.

"The warriors are a mile below us," continued Harry, "and will scarce get on our trail to night, but in the morning they will run us close."

"We will fight," said Adrien.

"I'm about of your opinion, cap'n, but the longer that amusement is put off the better. Bullets are careless things, and are apt to make ugly holes. Still I hope I'm a man, and when it comes to a battle, I'll try and divart the varmin'."

"They are running along the bank to head us," observed Jim.

"It's only boys and women," said Harry, "but still they must be taught our force. Stand by with your guns, boys, and we'll give 'em a broadside; it 'ull skear but not hurt em."

At this instant they saw before them a point formed by a bend of the river, and on this could clearly be distinguished some twenty figures, who apparently were bent on opposing their progress. The fugitives abandoned the boat an instant to the White Rose, and next minute the click of their guns was heard, followed by three sheets of flame and a loud report—almost as the barrels of the rifles shone in the moonlight, the point was deserted.

"I knew it," laughed Harry, reloading; "the gun is a thing they are mortal afeerd of. Now then, for another pull, and we'll have peace for this night."

All did their utmost, and after ten minutes' hard labour, had passed the point.

From that time deep silence prevailed, and the friends paddled for two hours in this manner, suffering no further interruption. At the end of this period, Harry Green again spoke—

"There's the lake before us, but we'll not inter on this night. I know a tip-top reg'lar up-and-down camp, just here, and I propose a lay-up."

His companions assented, and Harry, stopping the course of the canoe, looked about him.

"That's the very old hickory," said Green, "now just get your heads ready for a duck. Yer, Jim, part the boughs."

With these directions, Harry Green moved the canoe beneath some overhanging bushes, and at once showed his companions an inner pond, about twenty feet wide, in which the canoe lay still as in a dock.

"Twice have I lain here before. Once for seven days, hiding from the Indian varmint, and once for two days; and a mighty tall camp it is. Under that oak is a green sward as soft as a lady's down bed."

The whole party landed—a few words of congratulation passed—and then the two woodsmen, after a caution to their companions to be still, laid them down to sleep, and in ten minutes were in a sound slumber.

Adrien and the White Rose remained awake some time longer ; but then they were lovers, who had just gained the fruition of their hopes, with a prospect of a speedy eternal union. At length, however, they, too, gave way to fatigue, and slept ; Rose covered with the young Frenchman's cloak, he by a sail of his canoe.

CHAPTER III.—THE LAKE.

THE fugitives remained quiet the rest of the night, undisturbed by even the slightest sign of their pursuers. The place chosen for concealment was so secret that this was far from surprising. Green and his companion slept soundly as soon as they were satisfied that all was safe.

It is needless to notice that Adrien and the White Rose only followed their example at a very late hour. They were lovers, and this was their first hour of union.

It was, however, scarcely dawn, when Harry Green awoke and looked around him. His first glance was at the sky. It was lowering and overcast.

"Up," whispered he to his companions, who in an instant were stirring.

"Morning?" said Adrien.

"Ay, and I conclude time to be stirring. Them rampageous devils are looking out smart, I expect, and we'll have to pull considerable. Line the interior man a few, and then slope."

Adrien and the White Rose obeyed. The hunters were both already at work.

Not more than ten minutes were devoted to this necessary labour, and then all prepared for action. The arms were placed ready, while the canoe was launched into the river, under the opening of the thick bushes. The river was still and calm. The bushes dipped as heretofore into its waters, while here and there a wild duck floated on its surface.

"Pull steady," said Harry, "and no hurry, which is apt to take the breath out of a fellow's body rather slick, I expect."

Adrien nodded ; the White Rose, who was rather pensive, and who was looking at the water in deep thought, made no sign, and the hunter gave a grunt of adherence.

The canoe glided gently along the stream—the morning began to spread light and life upon the scene—the thousand cries of the woods which the sun awakens every morning, made themselves heard—the feathered songsters amid the trees gladly welcomed Aurora, and the hearts of the lovers began to beat with hope of speedily being beyond reach of those who would fain inflict on them the hardest punishment of all—separation.

Suddenly, as they came in sight of the lake, Harry Green gave a quick motion to the canoe, which he guided.

"What is the matter?" said Adrien, startled.

"Them Injine reptiles are smack ahead of us, I expect," whispered Harry Green. "I seed their canoe drawn up on the corner of the strand. But it are no use sloping. Git ready your shooting-irons, and face the inimy."

All obeyed, and turned their faces towards the head of the boat. Adrien laid his rifle across his knees, the Rose, who was behind him, prepared her gun equally, while the hunter acted in the same manner. All then resumed their paddles, and struck out.

The lake was in front of them. The river, as they proceeded, gradually widened, and about the spot where the canoe lay was a good musket shot in width. The point of land near which the canoes floated—for Harry Green was mistaken in thinking they were drawn up—was a sand-bank, bare of bushes and trees. The opposite side was tufted with trees and bushes.

Harry Green kept the canoe steadily in the middle for some time. All were silent. Every eye was fixed on the canoes.

"Well," said Harry, with a quiet, dry, noiseless laugh, "I expect them In-

gines are raal varmint, and no mistake. But I've deciphered their arithmetic, and no mistake. There's only a boy on the side of the boats, I saw him jist hoist a signal. The rist of thim devils is the other side. Now here's the trickery. They expect we'll shy the boats, and take the opposite side, when our bacon is corned. But they're in a mighty jam of a mistake, they are. I'm raal Yankee, I am, so hold ready. Pull gently, but when I say 'Now,' pull like the very devil. Leave me to steer. Pull as if old Satan war behind ye."

All signified their wish to obey.

For some minutes more Harry Green kept the canoe right in the middle of the stream, with a slight inclination towards the wooded bank. Once or twice he pointed to it, as if it were the goal of his wishes. Suddenly, however, with the whole force of his guiding paddle, he gave the canoe a sudden sweep.

"Now!" said he.

The canoe flew rather than glided through the water, right in the direction of the Indian boats. A yell which the wild red-men could not restrain, showed how correctly Harry Green had judged, and then, after a scattered discharge, a dozen leaped into the water, and swam frantically to save their boats. But Harry Green was ready, and at a signal all four fired, dropping their paddles, as they swam in among the canoes. Two Indians gave a hideous yell, and were swept away by the current into the lake; the rest seemed inclined to rush on the party, whose pieces they expected were unloaded, but a discharge from Adrien's double-barrelled duck-gun peppering them with buck-shot, sent them yelling back, and the white men remained masters of the boats, the Indian lad who lay in one of them being suffered to depart unharmed.

The fugitives made rapid use of their victory. Harry Green leaped into one of the canoes, and pushing off, drew the three others after him, while Adrien and the hunter made eagerly for the open lake. Before another shot was fired they were out of reach of the guns of the enemy.

"Right slick, I expect," said Harry.

"We are saved," cried Adrien.

"Not exactly; them Ingines is small potatoes and a few of a hill, and they'll sarcumvent us if they can, I'll be bound. Don't reckon, then, too hasty."

"What course are we now to take?" asked Montluc.

"For yon island," said the hunter; "and there we'll hold council."

The whole party pushed forward, all entering their own canoe, behind which the others were attached.

"We'll jist hold council, and line our intarnals," continued Harry Green, "and then we can go ahead slick."

Everybody agreed to join in the double duty of eating and talking, and, accordingly, the island was made for with rapidity.

The lake upon which the fugitives had now entered was small, and was, in fact, but the gradual widening out of the stream, which entered at one end and came out at the other. Its creation was quite within the memory of man. About twenty years previously the surface of the lake had been a low marshy flat, and the island for which they now made had been one of the banks of the stream; gradually, however, the island being a firm and solid projection, the stream, a little confined, had worked its way round the point on both sides, until the high projecting bank became an island. While this process was going on below, some miles up the river another phenomenon was taking place. A stream, which in its windings and turnings had approached that of which we have already so often spoken within twenty feet, to shoot off again, and fall into a river known as the Salt Lick River, had gradually worn its banks, until one day a heavy fall of rain and snow, or a thaw in the mountains, having caused an overflow, it burst its banks, and became a tributary of the stream which fed the lake. This had been an immense increase of body, and, consequently, the lake, begun under such favourable auspices, had gradually spread, and spread, until a rise in the level of the land on either side had stayed its progress.

The fugitives had soon reached the island, or rather islands, for a narrow, winding gut of water cut the wooded clump in two.

This they entered, drawing the boats after them. Those of the Indians were immediately concealed as well as possible, while their own was placed where it was readiest for use. The whole party then took to the green summit of a knoll which commanded a view of the gut, and of the only other accessible part of the island, which was an opening in the trees, about a close rifle shot distant.

"Seein' I am reckoned boss of this here expedition," said Harry Green, "I'll at once give my opinion of what's the smartest course to take. Them Ingines are on the shore on both sides the lake afore this, I'll be bound, on the look out. We'll land, as sure as a beaver-skin is worth fifty cents., under their fire, if we land in the light. I vote, then, for resting here all day, and making slap for shore when its dark, afore the moon rises."

The council at once acquiesced, and proceeded to breakfast, the hasty refreshment of the morning not being counted as a meal. This done, Harry Green sloped down to the bank on one side, the hunter on the other, leaving Adrien Montluc and the Indian girl to watch from the summit. But Adrien Montluc and the White Rose were lovers. A night had alone elapsed since they were together; and it was but natural that their thoughts should have lain in any other direction than being sentinels, especially as they had full confidence in the sagacity of their friends. They talked, then, and talking looked in one another's eyes, and hand in hand, and, perchance, once now and then lip to lip, forgot all. Adrien thought himself once more in Paris, at some loving interview such as are half the business of life in that wonderful place; and the White Rose, perhaps, thought herself in that fabled Paradise where, if the men still hunt and smoke, the Indian women cease to be hewers of wood and drawers of water.

"Hist!" said the White Rose, suddenly disengaging herself from a loving embrace.

Adrien started, but held down by the Indian girl, moved not.

A low whistle from one bank of the island startled her. Next instant it was repeated from the other side. Almost—ere the two lovers could get their arms ready—Green and the hunter appeared alongside them.

"A boat-load of them painted devils is close upon the island," said Harry, "so stand ready for a hard fight. Take every man to a tree, and waste not a shot. They will land by yonder clearing; and let four git their warrant the first go, and then I'll answer for the whole biling."

Adrien having seen the graceful White Rose behind a tree, took to one close to her, his rifle in hand, his fowling-piece at his feet. The hunters did the same, save that Harry climbed a thick live oak, and hid in the dense foliage.

Scarcely had they thus effected their concealment than they saw the Indian canoe touch land. They caught, however, but a glimpse of it, the red men showing, as usual, extreme caution. Next instant, however, nearly twenty stood upon the clearing and held council. The whole four took silent and earnest aim, and four Indians, disabled or killed, paid the penalty of the rashness of the chief who led, and who expected that the white men would be hid in the deepest recesses of the island.

In an instant every Indian had disappeared, and even the bodies of killed and wounded had been removed.

"There were seventeen of them," whispered Green, re-loading, "and four are beyond fighting. Be smart, and we'll save our scalps yet."

"Where is the White Rose?" said Adrien, in reply.

She had disappeared.

"Be sartin she's up to some devilry," answered Harry, "and that we'll hear of her at the right moment. Look alive, them Injine devils are creeping under the trees. I'll jist let them know we're alive."

Green, who from his elevated position, looked down upon the whole island, fired into a dense thicket, and a yell of surprise as well as of pain marked his usual success.

Adrien stood ready, though deeply anxious relative to the White Rose.

"The devils have run down to the bank and hid behind a clump of thick bushes; keep your eyes alive. They'll be up to something directly."

All was still for about ten minutes, and then Harry Green warned them again.

"You see that 'ere birch yonder?"

They nodded.

"Well, take aim jist about a foot below that little bough which is bare of leaves, and sticks out of the trunk like an arm. When you hear the White Rose speak plain, let fly."

Adrien would fain have asked an explanation, but Harry was taking aim in the direction pointed out.

"Be ready," he whispered.

A crack at this moment, from what de Montluc knew to be the gun of the White Rose, called his attention. Firing, as bid by Harry, he then leaped into the tree above him.

The White Rose had skirted the island on the opposite side to that occupied by the Indians, and making for the point had taken their boat, and pushed out into the lake with it. Thence she had fired on the Indians.

"Upon them," cried Harry, descending, "be ready, follow me, strike while them brutes are startled."

In an instant his companions were after him; they loaded as they went. Gliding through the trees, in two minutes the astounded Indians were taken wholly by surprise by another volley, which they answered wildly, and plunged into the lake, cutting off the White Rose from the shore.

But Green, with his party, was awake. The canoe was round with miraculous rapidity, and they were giving chase to the seven Indians who remained of seventeen, four being dead and six disabled.

The Indians saw this, and at once giving up the attempt turned towards the shore, and thought of nothing else but saving their lives.

The fugitives determined to take advantage of the opportunity which their boldness and advantages of position had given them, and struck forward, knowing that reinforcements would be sought for by the discomfited Indians. They soon, therefore, crossed the lake and regained the stream, and before night were out of reach apparently of all danger.

CHAPTER IV.—THE LAST.

THE position now taken up by the fugitives was a deep hollow near the river—so deep, so overhung by trees and shadows, that they had no hesitation in kindling a fire to warm themselves by, during the night. It was a rare encampment, and one which Green and the hunter knew well. A rude hut of boughs and bushes, after the ground had been strewn with hot ashes and cinders, to drive away all vermin, was constructed for the White Rose, and she soon sought in it repose, after the terrible fatigues of the day. Adrien Montluc lay near at hand; while Green and the hunter had scarcely finished eating before they rolled themselves in their blanket cloaks, and lay down to sleep.

Adrien Montluc leaned his back against a tree, and before he closed his eyes entirely, began to employ himself in thought. Some time had elapsed since the famous battle of the Cloitre St. Mery, and the researches of the police for the actors in that desperate but gallant struggle had doubtless much relaxed. The government, though tottering to its very base, before Republican and Bonapartist conspiracies, was still victorious, and was proceeding slowly and snake-like in its work of consolidation.

Adrien Montluc was a Frenchman. This is saying that he longed with a child's longing for its mother to return to dear France, and this had set him thinking. He had taken the White Rose from her village home—from her friends, under a promise of making her his wife. He fully intended to keep that promise.

Bound to her already by all that can bind man to woman, he determined to give the sanction of law to their forest union. Paris was then the goal of his desires; and there, amid the gay, the light-hearted, the satirical, the quizzing Parisians, he was to present his copper-coloured wife. Adrien's heart smote him a little, for the fear of ridicule is one of the worst weaknesses of human nature. How often do we do wrong to avoid ridicule. If we are steady and grave in our tastes, and have boisterous friends who would lead us into wrong, how often do we give way, for fear they should laugh at us. We lose at cards, we stay up at night, we do fifty silly things, to do as others do, and not be laughed at. There are amiable weaknesses, but this is not one of them.

Now Adrien loved the White Rose as yet he had not loved woman. In Paris having never thought of marriage—it was *ridiculous* in a young man—he had, like a certain great dramatist, rather courted other people's wives than his own; and though he had found plenty of love and return to his assiduities, he had found no happiness. He loved many women—he had esteemed none, because his love was criminal. In these cases the two parties to what is called love naturally despise each other, if they do not hate, and always part with painful and disagreeable feelings. A woman who has once loved, or thought she loved impurely—that is, when she had no right to love—is, if she have a dreg of conscience left, a miserable and unhappy being for life. No excuse comes to her conscience—salve there is none. She may cheat her soul with reasons: mental infidelity, neglect, unhappiness, in her home,—all these are straws. Had she borne with them bravely and like a woman, they had been jewels in her crown, and laid up for her a long store of mental happiness for old age; but now they are stings and scourges, and nettles. Despised by herself, the memory ranking in her heart, for those women who stop short of crime, but not of folly, there is bleak misery in after life. Adrien had seen much of this, and such love made not that of the White Rose lose by comparison. But fatigue began soon to seal his eyelids, too. Visions of the past—hopes of the future, became strangely mingled, and Adrien slept. How long his slumbers lasted, he never knew, but presently something made him wake. It was still thick night. He was about again to close his eyes, when low voices caught his attention. In an instant he was on his feet. Harry Green slept beside like a rock, but the hunter was absent. Adrien's heart beat wildly, he crept to the hut—the White Rose was absent too. A storm in his breast, Adrien Montluc clutched his pistols and his knife, and glided, like a Red Indian on his unconscious enemy, to the shelter whence came the voices. A brand stuck in the mouth of a small cave, which had served the two hunters often as a *cache*, disclosed to Adrien the hunter and the White Rose. The Indian girl was sitting on a clump of wood,—the trapper was standing; his handsome but rude figure was clearly displayed, by the blaze of the brand. He spoke: "Child of the woods, of the far-off plain," said he, "what are you about to do? To leave the green hunting-grounds of the Indians, the pleasant woods, where one is free as the wild tarn or the canvass-back, to seek the dismal, dark, and dirty dwelling-places of the white man. For what? Because a slim youth from far-off shores has filled your head with nonsense."

He spoke in the Indian tongue, but Adrien understood every word. The White Rose waved her hand to him to continue.

"Indian girl," he continued, "I love you; my thoughts are yours, I dream of you, I grind my teeth with rage to see you his. Come to my wigwam; it is in the woods, in the pleasant green woods; there are soft furs, and bear skins, and beaver skins, and an Indian slave to do all your work."

"Another squaw," said the White Rose, with a laugh.

"She was once," replied the hunter, "but she will now serve you for ever; you shall do nothing, but go hunt with me, dress yourself gaily, and proudly show what the wife of a real trapper is. I have spoken."

The White Rose stood up. "White man, child of the lying and base pale-faces," said she, "my heart has more love for the black bear of the hills than

for you. You fight alongside my husband, you eat with him, you drink with him, and now you seek to betray him, to steal from him his wife. Go; I spit upon you."

"Wild cat!" said the hunter, doggedly, "I have said" (and he laid his hand heavily on her arm), "never shall you be the wife of that smooth-tongued Frenchman."

"I am his wife," replied the White Rose, calmly.

"You lie, cat!" said the hunter, doggedly.

"A month back we kneeled before the Monitor, and before him swore to be husband and wife; when we reach the town a priest, a medicine man of his God, will make us still more sure."

"Never!" said the hunter.

"Let me go!" cried the White Rose.

"Come to the hills," said the hunter. "Girl, I do love thee too much, too much; and thou must never be his."

Scarcely had he spoken than he was felled to the ground by the butt end of a pistol, and lay senseless. Adrien, with a glance of gratitude at the White Rose, kneeled upon the breast of his rival, awaiting his return to sensation. Harry Green at this moment came up. The Indian girl stepped fiercely between him and Adrien, and rapidly explained the whole affair.

"Whew!" cried Harry Green, "I expect you've sarved him 'nation right; I expect I'd have done *the* same. Well, to quarrel about a gal, too, it's raal boys."

And he stood over the reviving hunter.

"Let me get up," said the discomfited lover, struggling.

"Not jist yet," replied Harry, taking away his knife. "You're a prisoner."

"You tarn against me?" grumbled the other.

"Whin you act like a cussed serpent," said Harry.

The hunter made no reply; but being allowed to rise as soon as he was thoroughly disarmed, moved sulkily back to the camp, and seating himself on a log, buried his face in his hands.

Adrien and the White Rose sat side by side, in loving and fond discourse. Adrien was alarmed lest the hunter's dismal picture of towns should have had its effect on the Indian girl; but he was mistaken—her faith in her husband was unbounded, and she abandoned all without regret.

When the morning came the hunter received his arms, and quitted the party, to the great indignation of Harry Green, and the no small satisfaction of the lovers. However, such events were too common in the woods to be thought much of, and the rest of the party proceeded on their journey with the more rapidity that they were thus deprived of one of the best fighting men of the company. They had travelled the whole of the day, and a great part of their journey in the woods was nearly over, when about three hours before sunset they reached a part of the river thickly covered with trees, and therefore favourable to an ambuscade. Harry Green was noticed to cast his eyes around uneasily and painfully. Ever since the departure of the hunter he had been sombre and thoughtful—a weight hung upon his spirits.

"Hark!" said he, suddenly; "I heard a foot upon some dry bough, slipping forward."

With these words he unslung his rifle.

"Take care, Maitre Adrien," exclaimed he again.

"Why me?" asked Montluc.

"As you love life, sink into the canoe;" and Harry Green said no more, but took aim.

Two rifle shots were heard at the same instant.

"Are you hurt?" inquired Harry, anxiously.

"No!" replied Montluc. "Ah! death of my soul," he thundered, "the White Rose!"

The Indian girl sat motionless in the boat, her eyes fixed in ineffable affection

on the young man, while the blood rushed from her bosom. Adrien Montluc frantically moved towards her, nearly upsetting the boat, and pressed his hand upon the wound, while Harry impelled the canoe close to the shore. In an instant he had found a landing, and the Frenchman, raising the *White Rose* in his arms, laid her on the grassy beach. In two minutes more she was reclining on an extempore couch, her hands in those of Adrien; while the hunter, experienced in wounds, was examining the nature of that inflicted on the Indian girl.

"Speak, man!" said the lover, with compressed lips, while the girl, without a murmur, looked at him, though Harry was searching with his rude instruments for the ball.

"It will cost nothing more than a camp here for a week, I expect, when I'll eat my ramrod if the gall aint as spry and active as ever. It's only a flesh wound under the arm, and the ball 's right through: the lungs aint touched."

"God bless you, my friend," said Adrien de Montluc; "but the assassin?"

"Was your rival of this morning."

"Damnation!" thundered Adrien; "where is he?"

"Come and see," said Harry, who had bound up the wound; "and then we'll build a wigwam."

Montluc clutched his rifle, and sprang after Harry. In two minutes they had reached a platform near the edge of the river, with a kind of breastwork formed by an old fallen tree: against this tree leaned a rifle, and across lay the body of a man.

"Dead!" said Harry Green, with a sigh, "and it's hard too; I'd hunted and fought alongside that man for six months, and never thought my hand 'ud slay him. But he deserved it."

With these words he took his rifle, knife, shot pouch, and laying them across the body again spoke—

"Well, ye shall have burial. It was a sinful deed you were about to do, but you have suffered for it."

"But how did I escape?" asked Adrien, in a low solemn whisper.

"My ball hit him on the forehead as he fired," said Harry, pointing to the hole which had let in death, "and his gun fell from his hand as it was discharged. But let us back to the gall—cuss the whole race—and then we'll bury this poor devil."

With these words of very natural regret for the companion of six months, cut off in a moment of passion, engendered by love for one whom he had no right to covet, Harry Green dropped the subject.

The halt was longer than Green expected—it lasted more than ten days, but at the end of that time the *White Rose* was sufficiently recovered to proceed. A day brought them to a European farm, where they rested another day, and where Adrien purchased three horses. With these they proceeded by slow journeys towards the settlements, and once having reached them, Adrien and the Indian girl were married. The *White Rose* was baptised, and three months of happiness and quiet completely restored her health. Harry Green parted from them shortly after their arrival, amply rewarded by the young Frenchman.

The subsequent history of Adrien Montluc is briefly told: he returned to France when the revolutionary movement had softened down, followed his profession as an artist; succeeded, despite his connexion with the Society of the Rights of Man; and in February, 1848, received the reward of his devotion to his principles, in being appointed prefect of his native department. His wife, whom I have often seen, is now a charming Parisienne; and in the elegant Frenchwoman one can scarce recognise the half naked Indian girl, with leather petticoat, blue worsted shirt, and feathered head-dress, which ornaments every corner of the artist's dwelling. In heart she has never changed, and to her husband she is still *THE WHITE ROSE*.

THE MURDERED POST-BOY,

A SINGULAR INSTANCE OF THE FALLACY OF CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

By W. H. MAXWELL,

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It is a general and wholesome belief that sooner or later retributive justice is attendant upon crime—and whether its character be grave or mitigated, a sort of *ad-valorem* penalty will be invariably exacted. In offences against property, delinquents under rare and fortunate circumstances have escaped the penal consequences; while in those against the person—we principally allude to murder—by wondrous agencies, accident, or, as we believe it, Providence, when all detective powers have been tried and found wanting, the mystery that shrouded the damning deed has been dispelled—some wanting link to the chain of evidence miraculously supplied—and the malefactor, as the laws of God and man require, consigned to that fate which his offending had justly merited.

A thousand cases to evidence this fact might be adduced. There is not a corner of the land that would not bear its isolated evidence to instance the verity of our statement, and during a life not unusually prolonged, striking instances within our own knowledge have occurred. One, that I shall allude to, is the reminiscence of a "satchelled schoolboy"—in the other twain, by accident, I may write, *pars fui*.

Some thirty years ago—were I under a rigid cross-examination I fear that an admission of two or three extra ones might be elicited—an appalling murder was committed near the school in which I was indoctrinated, and that, too, in a part of Ireland where familiarity with crime did not abate aught of its atrocity. When the great commander was furnished with a bill, by a Jew, for a hat, alleged to have been supplied by the Israelite to his heir apparent, he repudiated the claim by the simple but conclusive remark, that "the Duke of Wellington was not the Marquis of Dourou;" and in the forthcoming narrative the English reader must be reminded, and also keep in mind the fact, that Armagh is not Tipperary. In the former department of the Green Isle, murders are infrequent. In the latter, "wild justice," as a sneaking scoundrel designated wholesale assassination, at a socialist meeting, is a matter of such every-day occurrence, that with some particulars of the shooting, a coroner's inquest, a most respectable wake, a statistical description of the premises, with the post-mortem appearance of the body, and an account of the funeral, at which the murderer most probably had personally attended, the drama closes. In ten days some fresh murder obliterates the memory of the past one—another and another follow fast—and Thuggism in the south of Ireland, to use a cockney phrase, is so "perfectionated," that by a shooting tariff on the sliding scale, professional gentlemen, who—

"Do murder for a meed,"

will furnish an estimate for the removal of an officious herd, or his more obnoxious master, who, strong in his oppression, would still maintain that exploded doctrine—namely, that a man has a right to do what he pleases with his own, and, in accordance with that tyrannical belief, demands and enforces payment of his rents biennially.

In early life a deed was done that frightened the "black north," as Connaught-men call it, from its propriety. A murder of the foulest character was perpetrated in open day, a populous district, and on the public high road. The

story of the accursed deed is briefly told, and carries with it to jurymen a moral not to be forgotten.

Stage-coaching was confined in days gone by to the great roads, and the mails ran over the connecting lines of country only, transmitting thereby bags to places on the flanks of the grand route, either by the agencies of pedestrian letter-carriers—or, were the lateral distance considerable—relays of mounted post-boys. At that period, the several towns inland of Newry were thus communicated with, and the Armagh mails, with those of all the minor dependencies, were despatched early each morning, encased in huge leathern bags, and entrusted to the custody of any urchin old enough to keep both the king's highway and the saddle, during his short transit to the assize town.

It was a sweet summer morning, when, before the great mass of the community were a-foot, the little post-boy was seen riding with his epistolary and political charge through the suburban street by which he invariably quitted the town. A man walked beside him with his hand rested on the pommel of the lad's saddle—and had Ireland been searched, one of more evil reputation could not have been produced within a twelvemonth.

In his appearance the post-boy's companion looked every inch the blackguard; and if low larcenies, habitual drunkenness, and a pugnacious temper, would form the *beau ideal* of a ruffian, Nature's imprint was an honest one. Doolan, as he was called, led a vagabond life, but in the hurry of shipping business he was now and then employed, from sheer necessity, as a quay-porter, and as gladly got rid of when the temporary pressure was ended. These, his honestest earnings, were, as his labouring companions knew well, altogether unequal to the expenditure of a prudent man for half the week, and to one so reckless as Ned Doolan they would scarce suffice for half a day's consumption. How the remainder of his supplies were obtained, men might guess pretty accurately, for he consorted with the most depraved characters of both sexes, and never had a fixed abode.

Such was the outcast's unhappy reputation, and with it his personal appearance was in thorough keeping. He was over six feet high, with remarkably broad shoulders, while his face was singularly repulsive. His features were coarse—his complexion dark and sunburnt—he never looked you in the face, and a bisection of an eye-brow, received, probably, in some drunken affray, had given to the *ensemble* of the whole countenance a villanous expression that, without any shade of evidence to establish guilt, would, in Irish opinion, warrant a jury upon oath to transmit the proprietor to the gallows. Such, on the morning we have alluded to, was the companion of the Armagh post-boy, as he, poor youth, all unsuspecting of impending danger, rode whistling from the town.

Everybody knew Ned Doolan—for the wretched man had attained a ruffian notoriety—and on this memorable morning, twenty persons, whose avocations had made them early risers, remarked him in company with the lad. To see him astir at any hour was not remarkable. A worn-out night-bird, he was most likely, as was his custom, repairing to some meadow with the shelter of a hedge, to sleep off the effects of his late debauch.

Seven miles from the town stands the church of Loughgilly, and close beside it are two or three public-houses and a smithy. Before you reach them there is a bending in the road, and from the inner angle of the sweep a beautiful well of limpid water trickles into a natural basin that receives it from the bank above. For long forgotten years that bubbling fountain has slaked the thirst of the wayfarer and his beast. God had graciously destined it for man's relief—but man foully desecrated its holy purpose, and rendered it the scene of murder.

Living, the boy rode on until he was hidden from the view of a woman employed in bleaching flax, by the curving of the road we have described, while, concealed by a thick hedge, she had seen the poor youth pass slowly by, accompanied by a tall and ill-visaged stranger. In half an hour there was a direful outcry. The crystal waters of the lonely well were now an ensanguined puddle—and the boy, with a fractured skull, was discovered in the basin, where

the murderer had endeavoured to conceal the corpse of his innocent and unoffending victim. The mail bags were abstracted—but they were soon afterwards discovered half plundered of their contents, and hidden in a neighbouring thicket, whither the doer of the felon deed had no doubt removed them, for safe examination while he rifled his booty.

With lightning speed the fearful news was bruited over the adjacent country, accompanied by an accurate description, as given by the flax-spreader, of the man who passed her within half-a-dozen paces, in company with the murdered boy. Half-way between Newry and the fatal well, some early carriers had encountered the twain—the lad singing like a mavis, while his companion, with slouched hat, averted his face from the drivers, looking, or affecting to look, at some object in an adjacent field. His personal appearance, however, was sufficient to establish the murderer's identity—and clothes, height, carriage, all and everything confirmed suspicion. Twenty witnesses deposed to their having seen the outcast porter accompany the murdered boy. A rigid search was instituted. Every known den of infamous celebrity was visited. Doolan was absent from his usual haunts—and who, with damnatory impressions already raised, for one moment could entertain a doubt that Doolan was the criminal? And yet, the while, the doomed vagabond was innocent; and at the very moment when every tongue proclaimed his guilt the wretched man was not a gun-shot distance from the town, couched underneath a haycock, and buried in drunken sleep.

Accident discovered the spot where the poor devil had laid himself down to steep his misery in forgetfulness, and snatch a brief interval of feverish repose. A boy, who had been gathering berries from the brambles, on detecting the sleeper, rushed at speed into town, and announced the discovery of the murderer. Half-a-dozen active men proceeded to the place described—and there indeed lay the felon. His capture was easily effected—for they had pinioned his arms before he was awake, and while all unconscious that he was a prisoner. Like an owl startled into garish daylight from the thick brake where he had been reposing until evening and his hunting hour should arrive, the arrested outcast stared wildly round, and to numerous and discursive interrogatories, his replies, as might be expected, were wild and incoherent, and hence his drunken ramblings were naturally mistaken for vague evasions of the crime imputed. None held a doubt touching his guilt—and while all advocated a trial by Lynch-law, the only difference in opinion lay between hanging and drowning. As for either of these pleasant alternatives, by which Mr. Doolan might have shuffled off this mortal coil, a canal on one hand, and the sturdy arm of an ash-tree at the other, afforded excellent conveniences. Fortunately a choice between these ordeals was dispensed with, and, the timely arrival of a couple of peace-officers, whose pursy proportions were too well defined to admit their keeping pace with the lighter-heeled rabble, saved the supposed delinquent in the nick of time, who, but for official intervention, would have very speedily, to use Irish parlance, have made a hole in the water, or cut a caper from an ashen-bough.

Accompanied by the curses of the multitude, Doolan was transmitted to the county gaol—and at the next commission formally arraigned for murder. Of his guilt none entertained a doubt—while the tenacity with which, as it was supposed, he held to the possession of the stolen property, denied the robbery, and utterly repudiated the charge of murder, were merely considered as additional evidence of the wolfish disposition of a being in nothing human but in form.

In Ireland, doubtful events are generally decided by a wager; ten to one was freely offered in backing a conviction—and jaunting-cars were largely engaged by people who occasionally took a little pleasure in the hanging line, to enable them to witness the execution without the trouble of a long walk.

The day of trial came—the suspected murderer entered the court—and as he mounted the bar to be arraigned, from every side scowling looks were turned on him; women recoiled; none breathed a “God pardon him!” and yet his manner—strange as it may appear—was firm and assured; while, all un-

dismayed, he gazed around him with a smile. Men murmured, "What a hardened ruffian;" and a conscientious juryman whispered to his fellow: "You won't leave the box, I hope? Anybody who looks that scoundrel in the face need listen to neither evidence nor charge. I left Mrs. ——— rather poorly, and shall be anxious to hurry over the mummery of a defence—if the scoundrel would really venture to inflict one upon us."

I need not dwell upon evidence that to all who heard it seemed conclusive; and everything united to lead to a fixed conviction that the wretched man's days were numbered. The counsel assigned the prisoner—for the poor wretch could not have feed a barrister had life been dependent on his advocacy—executed his duty with evident reluctance. All the witnesses, including townsmen, carriers, and the flax-dresser, all swore positively to Doolan's identity, and, in legal requisites, the chain of evidence was complete. The judge charged breast-high against the prisoner—and the jury, *pro forma*, retired to their room, intimating, however, in five minutes, through a halbert man, that their verdict was agreed upon. As they re-entered the box, the judge—one of the old-school hanging ones—fumbled under the cushion for his black cap; while the Clerk of the Crown cleared his voice for the two important queries that were to follow—namely, "whether the jury were agreed in their verdict," to be followed by the matter-of-form question of what the doomed man had to say, to arrest sentence of death and execution.

In criminal proceedings this to the pannel and the auditory must be, in sooth, a trying moment, and his must be a callous heart that can hear the brief sentence which terminates a life—guilty even as that life may have been—without feeling and evincing some emotion; and it demands more stoic indifference than innocence can call up, or more ruffian *hardiesse* than generally a desperate malefactor can assume, to listen to the brief address which distinctly announces all earthly hopes and cares are limited, and that in a few brief hours the criminal shall be with those that have been. The jury entered their box slowly, one by one, and while some looked anxiously towards the judge, others fixed their eyes upon the culprit. "Gentlemen, are you agreed upon your verdict?" exclaimed the Clerk of the Arraings. "How say you, is—"

Before the question could be completed, a scene very unusual in a court of criminal justice was unexpectedly enacted. A juryman, of superior intelligence, had keenly regarded the expression of the convict's face and the rude dignity of his bearing, as, leaning with his arms rested between the bar's spikes, he calmly waited until that simple word was spoken which should consign him to an ignominious death. A passage in the trial came forcibly to his, (the juror's) memory at the same time. When the flax-dresser swore positively to the prisoner's identity, Doolan begged her to look at him with attention. His request was complied with. "Am I the man?" he coolly demanded. "You are," returned the woman, in a decided voice. The culprit gave a melancholy smile—"May God forgive you!" he responded. "You are swearing an innocent life away—but you believe what you say, and I forgive you."

A sudden conviction of the prisoner's innocence flashed strongly across the juror's mind; while, to the surprise of the whole court, and the great indignation of the gentleman who was so anxious to return to his sick lady, after consigning the prisoner to the place from whence he came, the pannel were sent back to their room, and desired to re-consider the evidence. Evening was closing fast, and this conscientious scruple of a juryman, much as it might have annoyed a tender-hearted husband, was ten-fold more afflicting to the learned judge. While his lordship still held his fingers on the black cap, and had mentally arranged the opening of a feeling address which should be termed by the provincial papers exceedingly affecting, the sheriff respectfully passed a little slip of paper on the point of his rod of office over a score of heads, and as the representative of majesty hurriedly perused the billet, a change came over his countenance. The note was very Irish, and, as Shakspeare has it, "brief as woman's love,"—but lively interest lay in every line. Thus ran the mystic scroll:—

"My Lord,—There's a beautiful salmon come direct from Drogheda this moment by 'The Lark.' Won't it be regular murder should the fish be over-boiled, while a pig-headed jurymen, forsooth, must consult his conscience on a question that you have already and so ably settled for him; cut-and-dry? Would your lordship blow up the fellow, or lock up the whole batch?"

At such a moment, when life and death were trembling in the scale, and human existence hung doubtfully on the yielding temper or the firmness of a solitary man, the most trifling occurrence did not pass without keen observation. When the billet met the judge's eye, his rotund cheeks mantled with a smile—but as he read, quick and capricious as an April-day, sunshine gave place to storm, and dark was the scowl that evidenced judicial displeasure.

"Mr. Sheriff, are the jury likely to soon agree?" inquired the man in scarlet and ermine.

"All are unanimous but one, my lord, and nothing will induce him to accede to the united opinions of his fellows."

"Lock the jury up! After their unremitting efforts through to-day the bar must feel fatigued—as for me, I could sit here till cock-crow—but God forbid that I should inflict the penalty of individual obstinacy upon gentlemen who seem evidently worn out by their exertions."

Now, the said bar were a jovial and united fraternity, who dealt weighty blows in public upon each other—and while simple country gentlemen imagined in the innocence of their hearts, that these uncompromising advocates were arranging their wills, and preparing for mortal arbitrament in the morning, had they, some hours afterwards, peeped into the bar-room, "the keen remark and tart reply" were all forgotten—for there Sergeant Snobson and Mr. O'Flummery were seated cheek by jowl. The sergeant had cautioned the jury from giving any credence to the statements of his learned friend, who hurried on by professional zeal, looked unfortunately upon facts as very secondary matters; while, *contra*, Mr. O'Flummery admitted that counsel should do their best for clients; but while a *suppressio veri* might, under some circumstances, be tolerated, he did think that an advocate was not called upon to bolster up premeditated perjury by an assurance that he (Snobson) believed all the witness swore—although it was intimated to him (the sergeant) as he (O'Flummery) was advised, that the witness must be handled very tenderly, he (witness) having returned fresh from Australia, after a second visit to the colony, and being actually *in transitu*, homewards, and within a degree or two of the line, on the very evening that he described himself in Phil Braddigan's hostelry at Ballybay, engaged in drinking scalteene with the traverser.

The sweet hour i'-th'-night had come—and, Asmodeus-like, we'll have a peep at all the *dramatis personæ*. The thickest enclosure to penetrate was poor Doolan's—for though not actually condemned, into the cell of that name, for better custody, the gaoler had unceremoniously bestowed him. He sat on a wooden bench—ate ravenously of some coarse food—while a little man, in dusky clothes, addressed some scriptural admonitions, to which the culprit listened with marked indifference.

"My brother," said the little man, "how shall I rouse thee, in this, the eleventh hour, to a sense of your situation?"

"Ah!" replied the malefactor, "there is some sense in that. It's not near so late as you think. Slip out, like a brick as you are, and fetch in a pint of the best. Ask for malt, unmixed—if we want water, there's plenty in the pitcher there."

Closely were the jury under lock and key, and as strictly all creature comforts were by law inhibited. Rooms have windows as well as doors—and through the back one, a hot supper and a basket of divers invigorating fluids were being carefully introduced by a rope. Macheath fancies "a man will die bolder of brandy;" and jurymen may, by double vision, see their way out of a legal labyrinth that otherwise would be impenetrable. Such was the present case. The refractory juror had his doubts rapidly dispelled while discussing a

couple of tumblers, but the third removed altogether the film from his eyes. He saw matters now as his eleven brothers did, and a notice of his adhesion was about to be transmitted to the judge, when the arrival of a courier, "fiery hot with speed," was announced by the door-keeper of the grand jury-room—and a dragoon, who had evidently ridden hard, was forthwith introduced to the presence, and delivered a sealed packet to Lord N——

What were the contents of that packet we shall in due time disclose—all that we shall hint is, "that between the cup and the lip"—the adage says—that slips are not infrequent; and, if Jock Hangman had counted on a job, Mr. Doolan, as Fate decreed, was not the personage upon whom that functionary should operate at present.

But why leave the gentle reader to undergo agonising suspense when a few brief paragraphs shall dispel the mystery?

Never had the learned judge listened with worse grace to a recommendation to mercy, than that with which Baron —— received the packet; and greater was his mortification still as his eyes glanced rapidly over its contents. A deserter, who for many months had evaded detection, had been discovered by an escort of his own regiment, tired and asleep in a lonely public-house, where, in their return to head-quarters, the soldiers had halted for refreshment. The fugitive when recognised was secured, handcuffed, and searched, and a number of bank-notes, with a pocketful of letters, which as yet he had not found time to open, were found upon his person; while, either under an impulse of conscience, or the surprise of finding himself a captive, he made at once a full confession of his crime—exchanged places with Doolan in the gaol—and was hanged at the next commission.

This unexpected occurrence damped the hilarity of the bar-table, and general was the mortification of all. Lord N—— had thrown away a long and eloquent speech—and the high sheriff, who had backed the gallows against the prisoner at heavy odds, was observed to sigh deeply, as he transferred a ten-pound note to the Crown solicitor. A general gloom pervaded the late "right merrie meeting"—and of all concerned, judge, jury, crown prosecutors, and counsel, *pro* and *con*. none of these functionaries stood the disappointment with Christian resignation like the hangman, and he bore up like a trump, in his hour of tribulation, putting his faith entirely in "rum and true religion."

Often have I seen Doolan afterwards—and, in a personal and moral effect, his marvellous escape was singularly marked. In one week from the evening of his trial his coal-black hair was changed to silver-gray—and although he lived twenty years afterwards, he never crossed the threshold of a public-house, nor did whiskey pass his lips.

WHERE'S THE SCREW LOOSE ?

AN INQUIRY INTO SOCIAL EVILS.

THERE is "a screw loose" somewhere ; otherwise Social Evil would not exist to place the members of the human family into antagonistic positions. It is too much the practice to consider Governments as responsible for the faults of society, and to attach to them the blame of existing evils, with which they have no more to do than they have with the choice of a man respecting the colour of his coat. One of our greatest ills, and most inimical to the fraternity of the human race, is the evil of *position* ;—by which we mean the divarication of the national community into grades and classes ; and this evil is the fault of a people and not of a government. Position does not depend upon condition so much as is supposed ; for we accord the dues of a gentleman to many a man with but forty pounds a year, to whom the artisan with two guineas a week touches his hat : consequently we must seek in ourselves the cause of such a distinction between a black suit and a fustian jacket. When kings were shepherds, and generals agriculturists, the artificers of a country were highly estimated, and enjoyed the chief privileges of the state. Rulers and warriors, while still preserving the primitive taste for farming, have advanced in dignity and station ; but the handicraftsman, no longer the admiration and the wonder of his country, has gone step by step down the ladder of rank, until he has subsided into the level of the "*lower orders*." It has become the fashion with pseudo philanthropists to affect extreme sensitiveness at the use of this expression, "*the lower classes*." "They are shocked," say they, "at the presumption that arrogates to itself a superiority over kindred clay," and they put invention to the continual rack for the coinage of new terms by which our plebeians may be designated without offence ; such as "The Industrial Classes"—"The Unrepresented Classes"—"The Sixth Estate," and similar appellations ; but we protest against the innovation altogether, the grade to which they are applied is self-degraded, and until it takes measures to deserve a better title, that of "*the lower orders*" is best deserved. We can fancy a hornet's nest about our ears at the assertion ; but a very few words in explanation will set us right with the thinking portion of our readers.

Civilisation outstrips its own promoters. Tubal Cain was a different man to the present sons of the forge, and those who first reared the walls and the roof of a habitation, were the benefactors of society, not its menials ; and to themselves is owing the change. That there are honourable exceptions we allow, but we devote our remarks emphatically to those who are to be found in the tap-rooms of public-houses and at the bars of the beer-shops. These are the men who retard the progress of improvement—who daily widen the boundaries of social distinction, and who perpetuate a system that furnishes a significant commentary upon modern doctrines of "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity." Why should there be tap-rooms as well as parlours, when the frequenters of the former might entitle themselves to visit the latter ? But no ; the difference of habits is such, that not only would such an assimilation be incompatible with the present order of things, but contrary to the tastes and wishes of the parties themselves. The savannahs of India and the prairies of America do not contain such a blemish on their hordes as is furnished by the "*lower classes*" of European countries. Let a well-dressed man enter the tap-room of one of our drinking houses, and there will either be a dead, uncomfortable silence, or he will meet with insult ; yet the men he thus awes or fills with envy, may be in the receipt of a larger income than himself, and, would they but wash their faces and attire themselves decently, might entitle themselves to refresh in his

society without one feeling of self-abasement on their part, or discouragement on his. That would, however, be contrary to their habits, and it is with those habits the real philanthropist must grapple, before one chief cause of human discontent can be erased. The reform is to be effected, and the question is, how?

The first material step is to refine the tastes of the labouring classes;—not by abolishing that rough honesty and blunt manliness which are so essentially English, but by elevating them into that high-toned feeling of proper pride and real independence which should constitute the characteristics of every man earning an honest living. Nor is this refinement to be effected with the present generation; their habits are formed—their eyes are accustomed to bare floors and blackened walls. Of domestic comfort they have no idea; for intellectual recreation no desire. As children they had an example which as men they followed; and any attempt to give them superior notions would be derided by the very parties intended to be improved. Their offspring might be brought up to become respectable members of society; but as every man has a natural right to bring up his own child, how is he to be interfered with? We cannot legislate for example, and force men to set a fitting pattern in their own conduct for infancy to follow; but much may be done by the enforcement of those rights which every child born into the world possesses. Be it remembered that we are speaking of well-paid operatives, who have the means to fulfil their duties as parents; but we will go further, and inquire whether means are not to be devised for the enfranchisement of even the children of outcasts, beggars, and criminals,—for are not those equally the members of a community with the progeny of a prince?—and is it to be expected that while one poisoned ingredient remains at the foundation of society, it will ever attain the advance to which with the fine natural qualities of man it might arrive? Perfectibility is not to be expected in our mundane condition, but the misery of millions is to be alleviated. The happiest persons are those who, with tastes and education for the appreciation of a uniform life enlightened by literary pursuits and elevating enjoyments, have the means of a moderate livelihood, and devote their cares, undistracted by ambition, to the rational and pleasing task of bringing up their families. To this state of happiness, and not to the surfeiting pleasures of wealth, would we see all who toil for their bread arrive.

To begin, then, with the refuse of the land. If a man cannot pay for his meat and lodging the law can render him the prisoner of his creditor, and it would be a merciful provision to extend the enactment to pauper children. Let the nation take them into custody. Every being can be rendered of sufficient use to pay for the expense of rearing it, and the thing might be done without loss. The child of poverty and crime would thus receive its first impressions from, at all events, a cleanly abode and a course of moral treatment that would train it in a proper direction. It would escape the contamination of example, and by not knowing the want of food would not be initiated into the miserable shifts to which scarcity incites the suffering. His habits thus formed, and a good moderate education given him, he would commence life with a fair chance, and thousands thus be rescued from a career of misery. Their separation from their begetters might doubtless occasion pain; but how much of it would they be spared; and how much withheld from their posterity?

With respect to the children of our working classes, something must be done to humanise them. The idea is not to be endured that so numerous a body should be fated to remain in the degenerate position they now occupy; and we use the term advisedly, having already shown that they hold a far inferior place to that of their olden predecessors. It is not as if there were aught in labour to brutalise or stultify; for the intellect has room to expand however the frame may be tasked; and, moreover, many of our wealthiest men perform a much larger amount of labour daily than some of the coarsest of our common workmen, and yet preserve the highest place in society. There is, consequently, no excusable ground for the condition of the lower classes. They are men sharing the common functions of humanity with all. There is nothing debasing in em-

ployment, and they might if they please—for they have the means—rise immeasurably in the social scale, but they will not. There they remain, an unlettered, unenlightened body, scarcely acquainted with the simplest tenets of religion, and so deficient in all political knowledge that they are hardly able to explain the principles of a party. Go to their apartments and you will find them grim with poverty—proceed to their haunts, and you will discover them in an Elysium of beer, gin, and tobacco, railing at superiors who are perhaps no better off than themselves. Follow them to their firesides, and you will find the oath and the blow usurping the kind word and the endearment of matrimonial life; and so they go on, day after day, until they sink from an ignominious career into an ignominious grave. Such an existence is worse than worthless; and, again we say it, the class must be elevated. Fortunately the cause of its degradation has long been apparent: ignorance, domestic discomfort, and drunkenness. They complain of poverty, but poor they are not, save as they make themselves so. The wages of a labouring man are in most cases higher than the salary of an ordinary clerk or shopman, and his wife usually adds to the amount by needlework, washing, &c., but the alehouse swallows up so much, and they purchase all their articles so unthrifely, paying cent. per cent. for small quantities, that their prudent inferiors are by far their betters. Such people, as we have already observed, ought not to be entrusted with the care of children, and would doubtless be very glad to get rid of them were it not for the profit to be made out of their occasional services. It would be well, therefore, to prohibit all servitude before a certain age, and to render previous education compulsory; to which end public schools should be erected for the offspring of all working men, conducted on a system of tuition resembling that of the Orphan Asylum, where household duties and propriety of conduct are blended with the acquirement of knowledge: children to visit home on half-holidays and Sabbath days, except where the father and mother were leading lives notoriously dissolute; in which case the parents should only be allowed to visit the children. Those with means should be made to pay their share of the actual expenses only to which the institutions were put while their children remained; and those without means should be compelled to give security, unless they preferred placing their children among the pauper classes. Coercive, arbitrary as this system might appear, it would produce such a substantial and permanent benefit to the human race that all objections would vanish when it came to be worked. The hostility of class for the “*lower orders*” would soon become extinct, and we should find their place supplied by a reputable and respectable body of men. The women, thus tutored, would learn to provide cleanly and comfortable homes for their husbands; while the men, with a newly-awakened pride, would enter upon their new sphere in a becoming manner. The low vices of our nature would be abandoned, and a change effected such as enthusiasts have hardly dared to dream.

Nor should a government pause with the mere education of the children thus adopted by its paternal care. With but slight exertion a fund might be raised towards apprenticing those whose parents were unable to afford the premium, the advance to be refunded with interest by the apprentices themselves, out of their earliest wages. Thus the child of every honest man would be taught to earn its bread, and a new impulse be given to industry. It cannot be denied that were all the poor and all the unoccupied set to work to supply each other with food, raiment, habitations, tools, furniture, and all other requisites, it would give rise to an amount of commerce not in existence. It would be like the foundation of a new colony, and serve the purpose of any speculator to set the necessary capital in motion for the supply of raw materials. Consumption must follow supply, and the capital once put into flow, would fluctuate with fructifying vigour, and yield a return amply adequate to the hazard. A state of things like this brought to bear, poverty would indeed become a disgrace, and drunkenness a crime. Our goals would stand with open doors, and the principal social evils which blemish on the earth be erased for ever.

THE MISER'S FATE.

A TALE OF THE FERRY AT SOUTHWARK.

At the date of the following narrative, the noble river that bisects our metropolis, like the surrounding objects and localities, presented a vastly-different picture from that now reflected upon his gleaming bosom. Old Father Thames, the fluvial deity, so propitious towards the commercial enterprise of the busy dwellers on his banks, may well complain of the treatment he has experienced in return for ages of unwearied services. Just consider the present condition of the unhappy river. His course, once free as the breeze that ruffled his waves, is now impeded by a continuous series of obstacles in the shape of wharfs, steam-boat piers, lighters, and other cumbrous and unsightly objects. His stream, naturally clear as the crystal fountain of the forest, is now made to imbibe the fetid outpourings of a thousand sewers, whose yawning mouths unceasingly vomit their filth-charged contents upon his unresisting waves, poisoning the finny subjects of his hidden realms, and involving their once transparent caves in Stygian darkness; while huge bridges have coolly planted their feet upon his back—and to crown the list of wrongs, a certain daring mortal, high Brunel, has treacherously undermined his bed, disdaining to cope with him in the light of day, or to take the slightest notice of his watery weapons. True, he more than once protested against this unscrupulous proceeding by dropping unannounced upon the intruder and his myrmidons; but this only stimulated their hostile zeal, and poor Father Thames, vanquished above and below, was fain to decline to the contest, and confess himself literally *bored* to death.

At the time we refer to, however, the Thames enjoyed an almost primitive state of freedom. Science had not as yet controlled its movements, nor bridge of stone or iron curbed the current of its glistening waters. The mode of transit from bank to bank for the citizens was by ferry, and it is with the Charon who plied between Southwark and the opposite shore that we have now to deal. This man's name was John Overs, he had a grant of the ferry from the corporation of London (then, as now, exercising exclusive jurisdiction over the river), at an annual rent, which grant he enjoyed for many years. The Ferryman kept many servants and apprentices to assist him in his business, and the traffic from shore to shore being incessant, their time was fully occupied, and the gain of Overs very considerable. But though daily adding to his wealth, he was of a most sordid disposition, and even when overtaken by age, refused to spare his enfeebled body the labour it was hardly able longer to sustain, and which his accumulated wealth rendered wholly unnecessary. He possessed great worldly shrewdness, and had for many years been in the habit of seeking for the most profitable investments for his capital, not scrupling to engage in the most usurious transactions; until, at the time we speak of, his wealth equalled that of the highest nobles in the land; and this while he walked about in patched and worthless apparel, and his fare and household expenses indicated a condition but little removed from abject poverty.

John Overs had an only child—a daughter—and she was beautiful. In the struggle between love and avarice which agitated the gripping heart of the old Ferryman, the former feeling had at length prevailed, and he spared no expense in procuring for his daughter the best education which in those days wealth could command. Mary Overs—for so she was named—availed herself eagerly of these opportunities, and to great personal attractions ere long added the more solid endowment of an accomplished and pious mind. But with

characteristic selfishness her father resolved that these gifts, mental and bodily, should be reserved for his exclusive appreciation; for though his daughter was now blooming into womanhood, she was entirely without society of any kind, Overs being at great pains to repel the intrusion of all visitors, and especially those of the other sex.

It happened however, that one Walter Hastings, a clothier's apprentice, had occasion frequently to pass the Ferryman's abode on his master's business, and being a comely and modest-looking youth, attracted the attention of Mary Overs as she sat at her window working. Walter, on his side, had long noticed the Ferryman's daughter, but being somewhat shy, had hitherto contented himself with a stealthy glance of admiration, and pursued his way. On one occasion however, their eyes met, and pleasure beaming from both, their acquaintance began with a mutual nod of recognition, apparently so satisfactory to either, that Walter forthwith resolved on commencing his suit. Accordingly, shortly afterwards, while Overs was diligently picking up his penny fares, the youth sought the abode of his new mistress, and entering stealthily, rushed into her presence, and falling on his knees, passionately declared himself a victim to her charms, and begged permission to seek a return of his devotion. Mary received his protestations in blushing silence, and fearing her father's return, pressed him to depart without delay. Walter, however, re-appeared the next day, when his reception was even more favourable than before. Thinking, therefore, that a third interview could not fail of bringing matters to a crisis, he once more repaired to the Ferryman's abode, when he and his mistress, the latter after some moments of maiden coyness, mutually pledged their troth.

In the meantime, the miserly Ferryman, unconscious of what was passing at home, pursued his calling with unwearied diligence. His penury, however, increased with his age; and as a proof of the mastery avarice had obtained over him, it was reported that to save the expense of fuel he was accustomed to deposit in his bosom a certain quantity of black puddings, which becoming warmed by his exertions in rowing, were then apportioned between himself and his servants, who had no alternative but to submit to this repulsive mode of cookery or to go without their dinner. A yard of such pudding was then sold for a penny, and as Overs gave them their portions he used piteously to remark, "There, you dogs, you will undo me with eating." He would hardly allow a poor neighbour the privilege of lighting his candle, observing that he thereby deprived him of some part of the light. In the dead of night he would rise from his bed, and stealthily quitting his house, would scrape over the contents of the neighbouring dung-hills, and should a few dry bones reward his search, would carry them home in his cap, and have them stewed for pottage. For the sake of getting it cheaper he bought his bread in a stale and mouldy state, and when brought home would cut it into slices and lay it in the sun in order to render it harder to be eaten. Butchers' meat he altogether repudiated, unless it were tainted, and therefore would go farther in his household, and when his very dog turned away from it in disgust, he remarked that he was a dainty cur, better fed than taught, and then devoured it himself. The very rats even deserted his abode, as there was not a vestige of anything that would serve them for food.

Overs was now so utterly enslaved by his darling vice that he conceived a scheme for its gratification more extraordinary in its nature than any to be found in the annals of avarice. It was this: in order to save the consumption of a single day's provisions, he resolved to counterfeit death, judging that his servants could not fail to observe one day's fast on so mournful an occasion, and intending to revive on the following day, when this important piece of economy should have been achieved. He acquainted his daughter with this strange resolution, and she, sorely against her will, was obliged to aid him in his whimsical design. He was therefore laid out on a table in his chamber, wrapped in an old sheet—he rejected the idea of a coffin, on the ground of the expense—with one candle burning at his head and another at his feet, after the custom of that period; his death was then formally announced to the household. The poor

half-starved apprentices no sooner heard the tidings, than they came rushing up stairs into the room to view his body; and believing him really dead, began to dance and sing with joy round the corpse. A general sally was then made for the kitchen, and one breaking open the well-locked cupboard, produced a loaf, another brought out such scraps of meat as could be found, together with the cheese, while a third descended to the cellar and drew a flagon of beer. They all then sat down to the repast in the miser's chamber with appetites rendered keen by long-endured privations, and spirits elevated by the hope of future good cheer, and deliverance from the hard service they had hitherto groaned under. The meat, though none of the most savoury, speedily vanished, together with whole mountains of bread and cheese, while the beer flagon was in constant motion round the table, and the noise and merriment of the guests rose higher each moment. Overs all this time lay wrapped in his winding-sheet, and the anguish of his griping soul at the waste and profusion exhibited before him, and which he failed not to observe from beneath his covering, was such that he burst into a profuse sweat in his chafing and suppressed indignation. At length, the beer flagon having been thrice replenished, he could endure it no longer, and thinking that unless the career of the revellers was arrested he should be utterly undone, struggled to his legs with his sheet around him, and taking a candle in either hand, stalked forth like a ghost to the table, where he began to upbraid them with robbing him, and wasting his substance in riot and debauchery. His already long fast had imparted a more ghastly air to features at no time prepossessing, and his supernatural habiliments aiding the illusion, the awe-stricken apprentices, thus suddenly checked in their carousal, began to think it was their master's spectre that thus intruded on them, or perhaps the devil in his shape, so that the oldest among them, wild with amazement, and rendered pot valiant by the large quantity of beer he had imbibed, raised the butt end of a broken oar that lay in the room, and at one blow struck out his master's brains. Thus the miserable wretch who for a purpose so pitiful was led to trifle with the gloomy tyrant to whom all must succumb, was really caught within his iron clutch, and that solely by his own foolish contrivance. The apprentice was absolved by the law from all guilty intent, it being proved that the deceased miser was the prime cause of the catastrophe.

At the time of the above occurrence, Walter Hastings was absent in the country, and on being acquainted with the Ferryman's death, could not suppress his satisfaction at the thought that there was now no obstacle to his immediate union with Mary Overs. He instantly mounted his horse, and started for London, at a speed proportioned to the eagerness of his long and deeply-rooted passion. But so great and incautious was his hurry, that just as he was entering the town, his jaded and overtaken horse stumbled, pitching his rider over his head with violence to the ground, from whence he was taken up with his neck broken, and quite dead. Poor Mary, who was anxiously awaiting his arrival, was so shocked by this last misfortune, added to the late melancholy death of her parent, that her mind gave way under such a weight of grief, and she was for some time bereft of her senses.

The Ferryman, for his usury, extortion, and sordid habits, had incurred the anger of the church to such an extent, that he had been for some time formally excommunicated, and his body was consequently refused Christian burial; whereupon, his dutiful daughter proceeding with tearful eyes to the Abbey at Bermondsey, prevailed on the friars there, by dint of money, the abbot being absent, to procure for the corpse a hallowed resting-place. The abbot arriving soon after, and perceiving the newly-formed grave, inquired who had been buried there in his absence, and being truly informed immediately caused the corpse to be disinterred and placed on the back of his own ass; then uttering a brief prayer, he guided the beast with his burden from the abbey gates, desiring of God that he might be borne to some place where he best deserved to be buried. The ass went at a solemn pace without any guide through Kent-street, till he came to St. Thomas a Watering, then the common place of execution, and

shook off the dead man at the very foot of the gallows, where a grave being instantly prepared, the body was cast in and the grave filled up without any ceremony.

Poor Mary Overs, overwhelmed with grief at such a succession of disasters, and harassed by the importunities of numerous suitors, attracted more by the reports of the great wealth she had inherited than by love for her person, resolved to pass the remainder of her days in a convent, and to devote her large inheritance to the honour and glory of her Creator, and the furtherance of His worship. Near to the place of her birth she therefore caused to be laid the foundation of a church, which was completed at her charge, and dedicated by herself to the blessed Virgin Mary. To perpetuate the memory of this pious act and its author, the people added her own name to that assigned by her to the church, and called it St. Mary Overs, which title it bears, with a trifling variation, to the present day. To the public spirit of the priests of St. Mary Overs, London-bridge owed its origin, and old Father Thames his first oppressor. These worthy men not only built the bridge, but also kept it in repair, out of funds which had been bequeathed to their college. This first bridge was constructed of timber, and was probably a rude structure, built of materials collected on the spot, and put together with little order or symmetry, and in every respect a perfect contrast to the simple and stately structure that now occupies its place.

LAYS FROM SHAKSPEARE.

By FANNY E. LACY.

No. 7.—CORDELIA.

CORDELIA.—“Oh, look upon me, sir; and hold your hands in benediction o'er me.”
“No, sir—you must not kneel.”—*King Lear, Act 4th, Scene 7th.*

Oh, may this kiss, mine honoured sire,

Repay the cruel past;

My duteous hope doth but aspire,

To serve thee at the last.

Oh, sisters! sisters! nature's shame

Were ye, that could deny

This head the veriest wretch's claim:

A shelter but to die.

Oh! had he not your father been,

A stranger, and no more;

Who that these reverend hairs had seen,

Had turn'd them from their door?

The very cur of savage bite,

My direst foe that own'd,

My hearth had shared that bitter night,

And human shelter found.

Do you not know me, sir?—it is your child

Who makes this sad appeal;

That once your best beloved you styled.*

No, sir—“you must not kneel!”

But raise your gracious hand, I pray,

Like Heaven's protecting wing,

O'er one whose joy is to obey

Her father—and her king!

* LEAR.—“I loved her most, and thought to set my rest on her kind nursery.”—*Act 1st, Scene 1st.*

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES
OF
THE KINGS OF ENGLAND.
HENRY IV. AND HENRY V.

THE KINGS OF ENGLAND

HENRY IV. AND HENRY V.

It is a singular feature in the history of the human race, that the cure for the social evils from which no nation is exempted, should be thought to consist in a change of rulers. This supposition, in connection with other circumstances, has led to many of the revolutions which have occurred, as well in our own country as in neighbouring kingdoms. Not only in times past, but in times present, has the belief been general that the removal of one sovereign and the accession of another, would remove, or at least ameliorate, social wrongs and public grievances. No position could be more unsound: it is not in the power of a government to rectify those evils of society which, being the effect of society, can only be remedied by the people themselves. The panacea is in their own hands—the executive authority may assist them, but to society itself must we look for reformation. What other idea than this could have led to the many revolutions in the European monarchies? revolutions which in their origin and progress have borne testimony to the false opinion, that, in Government lies the power to amend every species of public grievance. The deposition of Richard II. arose not less from the public belief, of his inability to govern rightly, than from the ambitious designs of the Duke of Lancaster. They thought that a new king must of necessity be a better one; the nation's hopes reposed in Henry of Lancaster—his accession was to be the advent of a wiser administration—abuses were no longer to exist under his sway—wrongs and evils of all kinds were to be rectified—a splendid reign was fondly expected, but alas! not realised. The people had yet to learn, by bitter experience, by revolutions, by despotism, by misrule, and by bloodshed, that no monarch can possess all those qualities which at once enable him to guide the helm of state with consummate wisdom, and to subserve the interests of every section of the community in his dominions—that until they themselves asserted their right to political privileges, the power of the higher ranks would largely predominate, obviously to the injury of the general weal. For centuries the lower classes exerted no perceptible influence over the Government; they were excluded from participating in public affairs—they were subject to the barons, not to the king. But the time was advancing, with steps measured and slow, when such submission, no longer in accordance with the spirit of the age, yielded to the popular feelings. The blow was struck by Wat Tyler and his confederates; the baronial despotism was doomed to annihilation; the upper ranks trembled amidst their fortresses, the sovereign felt his throne tottering; and though the rebellion was crushed, a residuum of strength and a firm belief of their sacred cause, still existed in the people, ready to be used when a fitting opportunity should arise for accelerating the march of freedom. Yet amid all these struggles, noble and right as some of them were, there was a strange forgetfulness of that high principle which distinguished their commencement, and of that disinterested conduct which mankind so much admires. Melancholy is the fact that the history of liberty's battles should be stained with unworthy deeds—with acts of barbarity, at which many a savage would shudder—with annals of bloodshed revolting to contemplate.

In our last "Sketch" we alluded to the steps by which Henry the Fourth succeeded to the throne. There are but few circumstances known respecting the early part of his life. He was reputed to be an active, rather troublesome prince, and possibly aspired to wear the regal diadem when he should have thought more of being Richard's faithful subject. A somewhat long period of his life was spent in France, whither Richard had banished him, principally for the purpose of removing an enterprising, ambitious young noble. His offence was not heinous, but in the fourteenth century justice was not administered with that impartiality for which after ages became distinguished. Lancaster, however, was not the right sort of man to bear expatriation without a murmur, or without some real cause existing for the punishment. He inherited large possessions; he was descended from a king of no mean abilities; his father, John of Gaunt, (Edward the Third's son) was also endowed with great capacities, the best of which reappeared in his son, who was born at Bolingbroke in the year 1367. Flattering as were the triumphs that marked his progress to the English throne, Henry was fully conscious that his regal title was very imperfect, and therefore evinced much anxiety to render his claims as plausible as possible. He was proclaimed king on the 30th of September, and 'on the 13th of October, 1399, proceeded from the Tower, in company with six thousand earls, barons, knights, and men-at-arms, to Westminster, where the ceremony of coronation was performed.* He commenced his reign auspiciously; he repealed several iniquitous acts, and revived those salutary laws which Richard had suppressed. But while he was thus striving to consolidate his power, a plot was formed for killing the new monarch and reinstating his predecessor in his former dignity, the parts of which were so well arranged, that had no accident arisen, success must have been the result. The conspirators invited Henry to a tournament at Oxford, and he, thinking no evil designs were contemplated, promised to honour it with his presence; but a day or two before the appointed time, the Duke of Rutland (one of the conspirators, and son of the Duke of York), visited his father, who,

* Froissart gives a most amusing account of the ceremony. He says: "Over the king" (in his course to Westminster Abbey) "was borne a cloth of a blue colour, with four bells of gold, and it was borne by four burghesses of the port at Dover, and other (of the Cinque Ports). And on each side of him he had a sword borne, the one the sword of the Church, and the other the sword of Justice. The sword of the Church his son the prince did bear, and the sword of Justice, the Earl of Northumberland; and the Earl of Westmoreland bore the sceptre. Thus they entered the church about nine of the clock, and in the midst of the church there was a high scaffold all covered with red, and in the midst thereof there was a chair-royal covered with cloth of gold. Then the king sat down in the chair, and so sat in royal state, saving he had not on the crown, but sat bareheaded. Then at four corners of the scaffold the Archbishop of Canterbury showed unto the people how God had sent unto them a man to be their king, and demanded if they were content that he should be consecrated and crowned as their king, and they all with one voice said, 'Yea!' and held up their hands promising faith and obedience. Then the king rose and went down to the high altar to be consecrated, at which consecration there were two archbishops and ten bishops, and before the altar there, he was despoiled of all vestures of estate, and there he was anointed in six places—on the head, the breast, and on the two shoulders, and on the hand: and while he was anointing, the clergy sang the Litany, and such service as they sing at the hallowing of the font. Then the king was apparelled like a prelate of the Church, with a cope of red silk and a pair of spurs with a point without a rowel, then the sword of Justice was drawn out of the sheath and hallowed, and then it was taken to the king, who did put it again into the sheath; then the Archbishop of Canterbury did gird the sword about him; then St. Edward's crown was brought forth (which is close above) and blessed, and then the archbishop did set it on the king's head. After mass the king departed out of the church in the same estate, and went to his palace; and there was a fountain that ran by diverse branches, white wine and red." The ceremony ended by his returning to a princely entertainment in the Hall, at which the bishops and archbishops, "the valiant men of London," and the nobility were present.

prompted probably by curiosity, snatched a suspicious-looking paper from his son, which was carelessly concealed on his person, and which contained the details of the whole plot. These became known to the king, who absented himself from the tournament, and prepared to chastise the malcontents. The latter, though numbering considerable forces, avoided coming to a battle, at the same time resolving to march to Pomfret Castle, (where Richard was then incarcerated). The rebellion, however, was doomed to be soon crushed, for when the commanders rested for the night at Cirencester, the loyal and valiant mayor collected some few hundred townsmen, laid siege to the inn, and captured two of the leaders, both of whom were forthwith beheaded. The others escaped, but afterwards shared the same fate. This unsuccessful enterprise was the prelude to Richard's death; an emblem of the end which he should suffer: the first, yet not the last attempt to disturb the peace of Henry's reign.

It might be well to make a momentary pause, to consider what would have been the probable effect had a different result attended this rebellion: in other words, had the present king been defeated, and Richard the Second restored to the throne. Would there not have been a repetition of the despotism which blackened his reign: a fearful amount of cruelty exercised upon Henry's adherents? Would the House of Lancaster have alone wielded the imperial sceptre of England: or would that of York? These are questions hard to be solved: wrapped in clouds of impenetrable obscurity. But whatever view may be taken of this event, there can be no question that the Lancastrian family, of which Henry the Fourth was the first representative, adopted the principle of popular and parliamentary government, and though they may not have uniformly observed such a liberal, admirable policy, we should not impugn their intentions because in some few instances they encroached on the domains of an arbitrary rule. So far their accession was good.

Henry had a strange part to play: he had to preserve his popularity: he had to guard the kingdom from the attacks of the Welsh and Scotch: to conduct himself so as to avert foreign hostility, as well as to escape from the plots which unruly, base spirits were forming to take away his life. During the immediately preceding reigns, England had suffered scarcely anything from Welsh inroads, but now Owen Glendower appeared, with the design of regaining his country's liberty, the possession of which Henry's arbitrary policy had gone far to annihilate. Like Wallace, the Northern hero, he was at one time a private gentleman; was endowed with every military capacity necessary for the enterprise; the people regarded him as a deliverer, under whose banners they should be proud to enlist. The annals of legendary lore are peculiarly fertile on the subject of his birth. Shakspeare, in his play of Henry IV., has embodied the popular belief in these words:—

“————— At my birth,
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes;
The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds
Were strangely clamorous to the frightened fields.
These signs have marked me extraordinary;
And all the courses of my life do show
I am not in the roll of common men.”

The king found him no feeble opponent; for, in addition to possessing active, hardy troops, the nature of the country gave him immense advantage. During several years the war was prosecuted with varying success; but eventually the English supremacy became so evident that the Welsh chieftain, accompanied by a few, very few, followers, took refuge among the deep fastnesses of his mountain home, and there closed his life, in September, 1415. He who thought himself endowed with supernatural faculties—who, in the pride of his fancied superiority, said—

“I can call spirits from the vasty deep,”
though he met with no ignominious end, was at last obliged to yield to the

arms of his potent neighbour, and to relinquish fighting the battle of freedom, because in his case it was one which could never be won. But view him in whatever light you may, he was a noble specimen of that long line of ancient Britons of which he was the last descendant. What a thrilling sight it must have been to have seen Owen Glendower and his band of intrepid countrymen on the Cambrian hills repulsing Henry's advancing forces. A scene worthy of the painter's art, or the poet's heaven-born genius.

Simultaneously with the disturbances in Wales, were the Scottish irruptions upon the northern frontier of England. Repeated defeats seemed to fall powerless upon the Scots—nothing daunted them—they were always prepared to avenge themselves on their conquerors. Though the defeat at Hallidon Hill, in May, 1402, temporarily quelled their ardour, they were more or less troublesome during the whole of the present reign. This, however, was not the only evil Henry had to fear; for shortly afterwards the Welsh and the Scotch, influenced by the Earl of Northumberland (whom the king had offended), confederated to dethrone him, and crown Edmund Mortimer, a prince whose regal title was more sound than Henry's. A large army of the insurgents assembled at Shrewsbury, where they encountered the royal forces, led by their monarch in person, and the Prince of Wales. A fierce battle ensued, in which the latter, after performing prodigies of slaughter, gained the conquest: Henry himself, it is said, having killed no less than thirty-six of the enemy! Another insurrection of the like nature, though conducted by different parties, took place in 1404, but the leaders were captured before affairs had arrived at a crisis. These wars with Scotland and Wales were especially harassing, in connection with Henry's unsatisfactory position at the French court; but though they were for a time greatly fostered by the French sovereign, a peace was eventually concluded, which allowed the English monarch a period of calm, absolutely necessary for consolidating his sway, and allaying the public strife of preceding years.

Few events deserving particular notice marked the remainder of his life. Hitherto he had enjoyed little tranquillity; the apprehension of losing his crown had rendered his career one of continued action. The popularity with which he was at first regarded had somewhat diminished, so that he eagerly devoted the last year or two of his reign (which were fortunately free from all disturbances), to regaining the reputation that attended his accession to the crown. He was not unsuccessful. He adopted measures of a liberal character, and manifested a desire to abandon the arbitrary policy for which his administration was formerly notorious. Yet a long life it was not his lot to enjoy. In the early part of 1413 his vigorous faculties were prostrated by the hand of disease, on the nature of which the old writers disagree. Some say it was leprosy—others apoplexy; but it is needless to dispute what it was—his corpse has ages ago crumbled into dust; the bodies of his successors have met with the same fate—their failings and excellencies have alike perished with them: they are forgotten, save in the records of history, and their names are but faintly preserved by the crumbling monument which may perchance have been raised over their ashes. The crusader's spirit echoed in Henry's ambitious bosom, and while disease was ravaging his frame, he resolved to dedicate the rest of his days to the heroic enterprise of wresting Jerusalem from the infidels. But he knew not how near was his dissolution. Almost before the design was formed, his illness became so severe, that he found it impossible to fulfil the prediction that he "should die in the holy city." The last attack seized him, while on his bended knees, worshipping at St. Edward's shrine in Westminster Abbey, from which he was borne to the abbot's house and placed in the Jerusalem Chamber. There he was attended by his eldest son, to whom he gave advice and instruction, and after "he had recommended himself to the protection of Heaven," he expired, on the 20th of March, 1413, at the age of forty-six, and after a reign of rather more than thirteen years. "His body," says Rapin, "was conveyed by water to Feversham, and from thence by land

to Canterbury, and there solemnly interred. His tomb is of alabaster, partly gilt, and seems to have been erected by Queen Joan of Navarre, his second wife, whose effigies lie upon his right hand, and is placed betwixt two pillars on the north side the chapel of St. Thomas à Becket, opposite to the monument of Edward the Black Prince." Henry left four sons and two daughters.

Thus terminated the life of a man of great abilities and great ambition, of hasty temperament and suspicious character; and who, though he may have thought to the contrary, found the cares of state no trifle; everything did not happen just as he wished it—men thwarted and opposed his designs. His eldest son (afterwards Henry V.) did not follow exactly the course he desired—his regal title was established by superior authority, not acquired by superior right.

—"Heaven knows, my son,
By what by-paths, and indirect crook'd ways,
I met this crown; and I myself know well,
How troublesome it sat upon my head."—*Shakspeare.*

But how did he govern? That is the question which should be asked. He ruled well; he made some errors of administration—faults that were, however, inevitable from his position; and though in the commencement of his reign he acted rather too vigorously, yet towards the close, when intestine and foreign attacks no longer threatened the public peace, his policy became more lenient, more liberal, more parliamentary. There were no exhibitions of that weakness and obstinacy, that favouritism and extravagance, so characteristic of his predecessor, Richard II. Henry was not free from arbitrary acts, nor from adopting measures which sometimes partook largely of a despotic tendency. But even these can in many cases be palliated on the ground of necessity, prudence, or expediency. Nearly all historians have severely censured him for his statute against the Lollards, or followers of Wickliffe, which consigns to death at the stake all who should be convicted of heresy. Now, in judging of this act, it should never be forgotten that the religion of that day was considered to be perfect—that the power of the Church was immense—that a diversity of creeds would produce endless disturbances—and that if Henry arrayed himself against the established religion his crown would be very soon transferred to another's brow. Was it not, therefore, in every respect a matter of policy for him to uphold the then Church, and endeavour to crush the innovators? We do not say it was right, but we affirm that it was good policy so to act. Had he ascended the throne in virtue of hereditary descent—not by reason of conquest—it is possible that he would have acted differently towards the reformers; that he would have helped on instead of retarded their grand revolution, the result of which neither he nor the clergy ever foresaw. That, however, is a mere speculative question. The all-absorbing object of his life was the preservation of his sway; and to that he devoted every energy. His administration was so directed as to subserve it. He avoided foreign military enterprises, lest his absence should be the motive for a change. He conciliated the clergy, lest they should contract an antipathy towards him. He granted the House of Commons, and through them the constituencies whom they represented, many concessions, the effect of which was highly conducive to the general weal. He does not seem to have possessed those qualities which render a prince beloved by all his subjects: and therefore his death was a matter of regret only to the clergy, whose cause he uniformly and powerfully protected.

Henry the Fourth had scarcely closed his eyes when the people hastened to transfer their allegiance to his eldest son, the

"Nimble-footed, mad-cap Prince of Wales." Many are the anecdotes related of this young libertine. Shakspeare has immortalised his follies, and written his life in characters not easily to be effaced from memory's disc. Associated with Sir John Falstaff, the embodiment of "old sack" and good cheer, the future King of England enters into his amusements

with right hearty spirit—he adds to his jollities, and partakes of his excesses—he mixes with the company at the Boar's Head, in Eastcheap, as if he had never been beyond the precincts of a public-house, and talks with surpassing readiness on all questions connected with low life. "One of his youthful pranks," says Rapin, "was to disguise himself, and lie in wait for the receivers of his father's rents, and in the person of a highwayman to set upon and rob them." In such encounters he sometimes happened to be soundly beaten, but always rewarded such of his father's officers as made the stoutest resistance." On one occasion he was apprehended for some misdemeanour, and brought before the chief justice, Sir William Gascoyne, when that fearless, inflexible magistrate, making no distinction between a prince or peasant, ordered young Henry to be imprisoned; and he, showing his appreciation of justice, yielded to the sentence. His royal father was delighted with the conduct of both magistrate and culprit, and exclaimed—

"Happy am I, that have a man so bold,
That dares do justice on my proper son;
And not less happy, having such a son,
That would deliver up his greatness so
Into the hands of justice."

But notwithstanding his youthful follies, he possessed a generous soul; and amidst all his extravagancies there shone forth such a fine spirit that the people insensibly regarded him with good feeling, and overlooked his faults in the goodness of his heart, his ingenuousness, the abilities with which he was blessed, and the prospect of a wise reign.

Henry V. was born at Monmouth Castle, in 1387, and spent the early part of his life as a student at Queen's College, Oxford. There, it is said, "the principles of honour and virtue were so carefully instilled into his mind that they could never after be effaced." At a youthful age he was fond of military pursuits; a disposition highly natural in a prince of an enterprising character, and one in which he earned considerable renown, when not more than sixteen years old, in leading his father's troops against the insurgent Welsh, at whose head was the intrepid Owen Glendower. But his popularity became even then so evident that Henry IV., apprehensive lest it might diminish his own influence, and render his crown less secure, drew his son from public life, and left him to devote his time to whatever pursuits his inclination dictated. It cannot be said this was a wise measure; for it was manifest that a person of Henry's active disposition could not endure idleness, and therefore would resort to the companionship of such men as Falstaff, to the amusements of low life, and to the stimulus afforded by adventures far below the dignity of the heir apparent to the English throne. His father for some time regarded him with no very kindly feelings, principally on account of his having been informed that he had some unhallowed designs against him. But the young prince no sooner heard of the unfounded accusations than he repaired to his father, and spoke to him as follows:—"I am told you have entertained a suspicion of me injurious to my honour, and to the reverence and veneration I have for your person. It is true, I freely confess, I have been guilty of some intemperate sallies, which deserve your indignation; but I never had the least thought of any attempt upon your person or government. They that dare charge me with so monstrous a crime seek only to disturb your quiet and mine. To clear myself of this imputation I now come and throw myself at your feet, entreating you to cause all my actions to be as rigorously examined as those of your meanest subject. I am ready to undergo this strict scrutiny, knowing you will be fully convinced of my innocence." So honest and undisguised an explanation says much for his good intentions; and while it completely silenced all injurious insinuations, it led to his father receiving him again into his favour. Such is a sketch of Henry's life before he assumed the reins of government.

Great was the public joy when the young monarch succeeded to the crown.

His journey through the Metropolis is thus described in the "Chronicle of London:"—"And after him went a great number of men of London, who brought him to the Tower upon the Friday; and on the morrow he rode through Chepe with a large *route* of lords and knights unto Westminster, the which he had newly made in the Tower on the night before." The coronation was performed on the 9th of April, 1413, Henry being then about twenty-four years of age. Everything conspired to render his accession peculiarly auspicious. While he, on his part, adopted many acts of clemency, elected men of known ability and justice to sustain the State's important functions, his subjects fulfilled their vocation by yielding to him their hearty allegiance. One measure highly characteristic of Henry's disposition is well worthy of mention. Rapin thus narrates it:—"Before he applied himself to the affairs of the State, he called before him the companions of his former riots, and exhorting them to leave off their leud life, dismissed them with liberal presents; but withal, strictly charged them, upon pain of incurring his displeasure, not to presume to come near the Court. The astonishment of these men, who expected quite other things, was as great as the admiration of the witnesses to a reformation which afforded so pleasing a prospect." Whether Falstaff was included in the number is not stated: it is most likely that he excused himself, or perhaps had gone to "good Master Robert Shallow's," in Gloucestershire, the man of whom he said, "I will devise matter enough out of this Shallow to keep Prince Henry in continual laughter." Sir John probably thought that his royal companion was of such a nature that he would never relinquish his wonted amusements, and that when elevated to the sovereignty, he would still be the same rollicking, merry, pleasure-loving being. But if such were his belief, he had calculated without his host; for Henry, as just narrated, no longer followed his usual sports; he considered them below his dignity, and no longer subscribed to Falstaff's creed that, "If I had a thousand sons, the first human principle I would teach them should be, to forswear thin potations, and addict themselves to sack."

The first parliament that was convened enacted many measures highly favourable to the people's rights and privileges, to all of which the king cheerfully assented, as well as to the request of the Archbishop of Canterbury that Commissioners might be despatched to Oxford "to take informations concerning the doctrine of the Wickliffites." That city seems to have been then, as it is now, the head-quarters of every movement directly opposed to the predominant religious persuasion of the land. In the fourteenth century it contained a considerable muster of Lollards; in the nineteenth century it is the spot where the embers of Puseyism have been fanned into a fierce flame, neither rapidly nor easily to be extinguished. Perhaps the frequenters of its hallowed colleges have imbibed somewhat of the mystic spirit by which many of their founders were characterised; or possibly, those who espouse Romanism see so little enthusiasm, so little real earnestness in the religion of the present day, that they willingly embrace a creed which allows full scope to their *intense* devotional disposition, their ardour, and their speculative turn of mind. But enough of this. Henry's policy towards the followers of Wickliffe was just the same as his father's—perhaps not quite so rigorous, but based exactly on the like foundation. He deemed it wiser to support the prevailing religion than to sanction and promote new principles, of which he knew nothing, and which every clergyman, from the highest to the lowest, regarded with unmitigated horror. This heresy, they thought, could only be eradicated by resorting to the most cruel mode of punishment. There, at the stake, the great and good Lord Cobham was soon destined to end his life—the first of the long list of similar barbarities inflicted upon the unflinching Reformers. Much would Henry's reputation have been enhanced had he adopted liberality instead of persecution; had he allowed this sect, upon whom the higher ranks threw unmerited obloquy, to enjoy immunity from state or clerical interference of any kind. His conduct, however, may well be palliated, for not only when

we consider the condition of society in his day, but when we contrast his policy with that of monarchs in succeeding and far more enlightened ages, shall we find that later times have obtained a much greater notoriety for religious persecution than can be ascribed to his reign.

Our remote ancestors seem to have considered war as the only field on which renown could be won—as the highest pursuit that should engage a nation; and in some degree to have estimated a monarch by the military achievements that had marked his career. The people thought that the preceding sovereign had neglected to recover the Continental provinces which were lost by Richard's inactivity; so that they viewed with gratification the present king's design of carrying the English arms into France and Normandy. After repeated negotiations and conferences between the two courts of London and Paris, all of which were intended merely to allow time for the necessary military preparations, Henry set sail with a considerable number of troops from Southampton on the 19th of August, 1415, and landed at Havre on the 21st of the same month. From thence he marched to Harfleur, the town and garrison of which surrendered to his victorious soldiers. In this stage of his progress he sent a challenge to the Dauphin (then Regent of France), proposing to decide the contest by a single combat, but no reply was despatched to Henry's chivalrous offer. The lateness of the season, the reduced number of his forces, the gigantic preparations made by the enemy, now threatened to overwhelm the English monarch. Yet he neither yielded nor retreated: the martial spirit of Edward III. and the Black Prince swelled his warrior bosom, and stimulated him to achieve a renown, if not equal, at least approximating to that which encircles their memory. Though numerous as were the obstacles to his progress, he determined to push on to Calais, rather than remain at Harfleur in ignoble quietude. His march was necessarily slow; for the country was well guarded, and the enemy perpetually harrassed him. At length the French generals, thinking a favourable opportunity had arrived, sent a herald to the British encampment to inform Henry that they were willing to stake their country's liberty in battle; to which he assented, and, as a sign of his acceptance, presented the herald with a rich robe, valued at two hundred crowns. During the three days preceding the engagement, Henry, conscious of his numerical inferiority, inspired his army with courage; told them of Crecy and Poitiers; so that on the appointed day (the 25th October, 1415), their ardour was raised to the highest pitch, notwithstanding their privations and the confidence of the enemy. The battle-field was admirably adapted to favour the English, who were drawn up in military order as soon as it was light. The king commanded in person, and having given the signal for attack, his troops, "with a mighty shout, moved forward." Throughout the engagement they fought most valiantly; Henry himself mixing among the ranks; and by his intense bravery inspiring and cheering his soldiers. Many times was he nearly killed—thinking nothing of his own life—caring only for the success of the battle. The French could not withstand this furious and determined onset; they were routed on all sides; their most distinguished generals were slain; the field was one mass of dead and dying soldiers. Like the crusaders, who signalled their first triumph before the walls of the Sacred City in acts of devotion, so Henry, when victory attended his arms, and all opposition was crushed, publicly acknowledged that to God alone should the success be attributed. "After the discharge of this just duty," he sent for a French herald who was in the army, and required him to declare to whom the victory was to be ascribed. The herald answered the victory was undoubtedly his. Then the king asked him the name of a castle in sight, near the field of battle, and being told it was called Agincourt, he said, "*Let this battle be hereafter called the battle of Agincourt.*" On the morrow the king pursued his march towards Calais. In passing over the field of battle he took occasion to commend the valour of his troops; but withal exhorted those near him not to be vainly proud of a victory gained purely by the miraculous assistance of the Lord of Hosts. During his march he was extremely civil to the French princes,

his prisoners. He told them he had not obtained the victory by the superiority of his merit, but because God was pleased to make him his instrument to punish the sins of the French nation. That the advantages he might expect from his victory were so far from making him averse to peace, that he was even more inclined to it than the day before the battle."*

Henry's arrival in England was hailed with immense enthusiasm. On the 23rd of November, 1416, he made a public entry into London; and on the following day the civic authorities, with two hundred of the citizens, presented him with two "gold basons," containing a thousand pounds. This was at that time a most liberal gift; for independently of the money they held, the basons were each valued at five hundred pounds. Commerce was then of a very limited character: few or no *merchant princes* flourished in those early times; wealth was obtained not by gigantic speculations with every country in the world, but by a diminutive home trade in connection with the neighbouring Continental cities.

Nearly two years elapsed, during which time France was the scene of repeated disputes, before Henry made any important movement towards acquiring that kingdom. The victory of Agincourt, though leading to no advantageous result, seemed to have satisfied both monarch and people. They did not view military enterprises in the light of a profit-and-loss sheet: the glory attaching to a successful battle was considered ample compensation; leaving out of the question the conquests that might have been secured had the first success been vigorously followed up. The war with France was a most expensive affair; for notwithstanding the liberal grants sanctioned by the parliament, Henry was obliged to raise money by "pawning" his crown to the Bishop of Winchester, and part of his jewels to the City of London. The scarcity of financial supplies was no doubt one obstacle; but the more plausible one was that the French court, the people, and the adjoining kingdoms, were in such a state of discord and dispute that the English monarch thought he could promote his ends more effectually by fomenting these disturbances than by vigorous military operations. Here we must award him the credit of superior policy. In July, 1417, however, the aspect of affairs induced him to pass over to Normandy, and there harass the already distracted kingdom of which it formed a part. Place after place yielded to his arms, till at last Rouen, that had long resisted the besiegers, surrendered. In this city he established "his Exchequer coinage, and Chamber of Accounts of the revenues of Normandy; he also built a tower behind the castle, and began a palace on the River Seine." Conferences were repeatedly held, but owing to the demands and objections on both sides, terminated fruitlessly. At length a treaty was concluded on the 21st of May, 1420, at Troye, which was there ratified by the Queen of France and the King of England. In pursuance of this agreement Henry was declared regent, and after Charles's death (who was then imbecile) was to succeed to the throne. Several other stipulations were agreed upon, all of which had for their object the indissoluble union of the two countries, the predominance of the British sway, the extinction of the native race of sovereigns. Shortly after this event Henry formed an alliance with the Princess Catherine, whose marriage was solemnised in St. John's Church, at Troye, on the 30th of May. He thus thought to heal those wounds of which he had been in some measure the cause, to unite the interests of two of the most powerful European nations, and to reflect glory on both. But he was sadly mistaken. The treaty of Troye was the work not of the French people, but of a very small section of the community; it consequently led to no restoration of peace. A faction supported him, but a host opposed him; and immediately after signing the document he had to take up arms to protect himself and his new allies from the attacks of the opposite party.

Henry and his queen returned to England in February, 1421, and soon afterwards, they travelled into several of the counties; the king on his part, accompanied by his queen, visited the two most fertile counties, and in both of them a great rebuke to the king's policy.

combining amusement with a political purpose. Though, however, he was received with joyful expressions, the people had a most hearty aversion to granting more subsidies, with which to carry on the French war, and rather often, through the medium of their parliamentary representatives, did they communicate this feeling to their monarch. The difficulty of his position was much enhanced by the rebellion prevailing in Scotland, and the aid that that nation rendered to Henry's Continental enemies. He was in a dilemma of no ordinary character. On the one hand, he was threatened by the Scots; while on the other hand, some of the forces which he had left in France had been defeated, and his presence was therefore needed to stem the enemy's force, and recover the English losses. With ready vigour, he applied himself to the establishment of peace with Scotland, and then repaired to France to retrieve the temporary misfortunes of his own troops. In this land he was destined to breathe his last, but not before he had in some measure regained the lustre of the English arms. It was in the pleasurable anticipation of an approaching victory that Henry was seized with an attack which he never survived. With firmness and calmness he awaited his dissolution—a demeanour worthy of his heroic life and chivalrous temperament. When the hand of death was pressing his warrior temples, his brothers and some noblemen assembled round his dying bed, to hear the last words which he would utter. In language somewhat as follows, he said, "My reign has been short but glorious; though my pretensions to France have caused a great effusion of blood, it cannot be laid to my charge, since nothing but force could have induced the French to conclude a reasonable peace. For my part, I behold the approach of death without concern, but cannot help lamenting the fate of my infant son, who by reason of his age, is incapable of finishing a work so fortunately begun: wherefore I conjure you, for God's sake, to remain in strict union for my son, who will be your king, to take care of his education, and to give the queen all the consolation that lies in your power, and for which she has so much need. But one word more: my last advice to you is, to cultivate diligently the Duke of Burgundy's friendship, and to take care not to release the prisoners of Agincourt until my son is of an age to hold the reins of government himself. Lastly, it is my desire that the Duke of Bedford should take upon him the administration of the French affairs, and the Duke of Gloucester (both of whom were his brothers) beq Protector of England during my son's minority."

There is something magnanimous in a man who meets death with composure; who calmly speaks of his affairs; who reviews his life as one with which he shall no longer be concerned, and then tranquilly passes to another state. So it was with Henry. Though his physicians told him that in an hour or two he would cease to breathe, his equanimity was undisturbed; he performed the usual rites of religion, glad that his reason allowed him to declare to the assembled lords and others, that he had purposed, after establishing peace in France, to carry his arms into Palestine, and there root out the infidel and recover Jerusalem. In this intention he did not alone participate: many of his predecessors had made the same resolution, but were frustrated by events over which they had no control. A principle higher than the mere love of chivalry, of adventure, and of military glory, must have animated our crusader kings. The lust of territorial possessions could not have been the sole motive; for they knew it was impossible to retain the Holy Land, even if once acquired—the love of war could not alone have actuated them; for that passion might more easily have been indulged nearer home—the spirit of adventure could not have induced so many to leave their dominions to the prey of ambitious, intriguing courtiers, to brave manifold and accumulated dangers, with the probability of perishing in the enterprise. What could be the reason, then, but the belief that in bearing their swords into Palestine, in combating with the infidel, and succouring the weary, foot-worn, devout pilgrim to the sepulchre, they were obeying the tenets enjoined in their religion, securing their own salvation, and encircling themselves with a wreath of surpassing glory? Can it be a matter of wonder that a mind

so enthusiastic, so fond of adventure as Henry the Fifth's should form the design of following in the track of the pilgrim monarchs; a desire which augmented as death invaded his once vigorous constitution, and which it alone had the power to extinguish? But meanwhile his life was fast ebbing away—nothing could prolong it. His last struggle with old mortality occurred in the Castle of Vincennes, and there he expired on the 31st of August, 1422, after a reign of rather more than nine years. England's king and France's conqueror was now numbered among the dead; his spirit was gone to the resting-place of his predecessors. Though he had far from reached the usual term of man's existence (his age being about thirty-five), yet he had lived long enough to accomplish deeds of undying fame; his youth had been spent in idle amusements, his maturer years in the pursuits of war, and the government of his dominions: he had gained battles, and ruled wisely; he had curtailed the Papal, and enlarged his own power; he possessed a popularity which his predecessor never enjoyed, and left a kingdom more extensive than had yet been governed by any English monarch. The body of the victor of Agincourt was brought from Vincennes to London, in order to be interred amidst the mouldering remains of his kingly ancestors. "As the long and melancholy procession approached the Metropolis, a great number of bishops, mitred abbots, and the most eminent churchmen, attended by vast multitudes of people, went to meet and join it. Through the streets of London they moved with slow step, the clergy chanting the service for the dead; till they reached St. Paul's, where the solemn rites were performed in the presence of the Parliament of the nation. Then again the procession moved forward to the final resting-place, the Abbey."* In this sacred edifice his remains repose, and there a tomb was raised, the description of which would convey but a faint idea of its numberless beauties. Had we the rich imagination, the elegant and flowing diction of Washington Irving; the cultivated pure taste of Addison; the classic fancy of Gray, or the majestic thoughts of Byron, then, and only then, should we possess the requisite qualifications for attempting the task in which the first of these writers has so much excelled. No rude unpolished pen, nor half-fledged, faltering muse, should presume to pourtray the splendours of a work of art so perfect as the Abbey of Westminster. And when we enter within the precincts of that ancient pile, let us not alone admire the beauty with which it has been constructed, but let us meditate on the countless monuments that crowd its walls, the history, the lives of those whom they commemorate. This view of the subject has been felicitously represented in "The Spectator." "I know," says Addison, "that entertainments of this nature are apt to raise dark and dismal thoughts in timorous minds and gloomy imaginations; but for my own part, though I am always serious, I do not know what it is to be melancholy; and can, therefore, take a view of Nature in her deep and solemn scenes, with the same pleasure as in her most gay and delightful ones. By this means I can improve myself with those objects which others consider with terror. When I look upon the tombs of the great, every emotion of envy dies in me; when I read the epitaphs of the beautiful, every inordinate desire goes out; when I meet with the grief of parents upon a tombstone, my heart melts with compassion; when I see the tomb of the parents themselves, I consider the vanity of grieving for those whom we must quickly follow; when I see kings lying by those who deposed them, when I consider rival wits placed side by side, or the holy men that divided the world with their contests and disputes, I reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the bitter competitions, factions, and debates of mankind. When I read the several dates of the tombs, of some that died yesterday, and some six hundred years ago, I consider that great day when we shall all of us be contemporaries, and make our appearance together."

The courteous reader, will, we are sure, pardon the introduction of so long an extract, on a subject rather irrelevant to the object of this article; but as the sketch of Henry the Fifth's career is now nearly finished, it cannot be altogether

* Knight's "London." *quintupled*

inappropriate in thus momentarily pausing to muse over the lives of those "mighty spirits," the kings of intellect and of territories, whose ashes have long enjoyed an undisturbed repose in Westminster Abbey. Henry left only one son, who at the period of his father's death was scarcely a year old. His queen, Catherine of France, long survived him, and subsequently married Owen Tudor, a Welsh gentleman, who was "reckoned the handsomest man of his time." There was a statue erected to the king's memory in his native town, on which the following brief inscription was written:—"Henry V., born at Monmouth, August ix.—1387," but whether it now exists we do not know. In musing over his career, it is impossible to refrain from contrasting the follies and pranks of his young days with the military achievements and the wise policy of his latter years. They were both so startling, so uncommon, that to reconcile the two seems scarcely natural. But the prince of whom Shakspeare said his companions were—

"Unlettered, rude, and shallow,
His hours filled up with riots, banquets, sports,"—

was the same who, when elevated to the regal dignity, observed justice, ruled vigorously, economically, and ably; who was the victor of Agincourt, the most powerful and the most beloved of sovereigns. Rivalling in his Continental campaigns the renowned Edward the Third, accomplished in politics, chivalrous in temperament, and great in the qualifications of a warrior, he yet excelled his predecessor not alone in the conduct of battles, but in the management of his dominions. Henry, however, unlike his predecessor now mentioned, died in the hey-day of his popularity, when his reputation, rapidly increasing, had not attained its meridian altitude. Edward, on the other hand, probably grown sick and weary of his greatness, resigned himself as age advanced, to unworthy pursuits, which dimmed the lustre that surrounded his European fame. In one word, Henry died too young—Edward too old!

PENCILINGS OF POESY.

BY FANNY E. LACY.

Oh! listen to me, every young green leaf,

For I am a gentle wind,

Soothing and drying your April grief,

Sunshine to leave behind.

There are clouds sometimes that fall in showers,

But when their work is done,

They leave their traces in sweet spring flowers,

Greeting the summer sun:

And thoughts there are like butterflies,

When they might be like bees;

And thoughts there are that do idly rise,

Light as the passing breeze.

But be thy thoughts as the sun's bright rays,

That looketh on all around,

To gild the darkness of earthly ways,

Departing with glory crown'd.

France Gordon was a conspirator. He had been so for two years to the great detriment of a small patrimony. But he cared not. He laboured in his vocation. He conspired for the Society of the Friends of the People—he spread everywhere the principles of Republicanism. He was often in the South of Italy. The ordinance had appeared. All Paris was stupefied. They were in the public places, in wine-shops, in cafés, nothing else was talked of.

ADVENTURES OF A FRENCH REPUBLICAN.

By PERCY B. ST. JOHN.

BOOK I.—THE REVOLUTION OF JULY.

CHAPTER VII.—THE PROFESSIONAL CONSPIRATOR.

FRANCE is certainly one of the most extraordinary countries which the world contains, if we judge it by the characters it has produced. Its political parties alone would suffice by their variety for the rest of the known world; Carlists, pure and democratic Carlists, combining divine right and universal suffrage; Orleanists, Constitutionalists, Conservatives, Liberal Conservatives, Liberals, Radicals, Theoretic Republicans, Moderate Republicans, ultra Republicans, Democrats, Social Reformers, Socialists, Communists, Fourierists, Cabotists, Proudhonists, Humanitarians, Neo-Christian Democrats, Catholic Democrats,—such are some of the parties known at the present day, whose opposition to each other makes almost inextricable confusion. It is the variety of sects of which the Republican party is composed, and the earnestness with which each follows out its own views, that makes the temporary force of the Royalists at this moment.*

But another remarkable peculiarity in the existence of France is the class of conspirators by profession. They are of every party, sometimes of all. But there are two curious types, the Republican conspirator, and the priest-Royalist. This latter is generally a broken *curé*, recruited by Jesuitism, and who, having lost all claim to respect, is ready for any dirty work. The Republican professional conspirator has the advantage of advocating more popular and just principles, and of working for ideas, not for gain. He is often, it must be owned, an idle customer, who has taken to this profession from its freedom and latitude. He frequents taverns, baths, and places of low degree in search of soldiers to enrol: he has all the labour, and little of the reward; he is a subordinate, and ranks not with the *Recuils*, *Bastides*, *Caussidieres*, *Cavaignacs*, and others, whose connexion with the April trial of 1832 carried them to power. He wears a broad-brimmed hat, and a waistcoat *à la Robespierie*, and is a great adept at smoking clay pipes, which he can *culottes* or blacken after the most approved fashion. He can consume an indefinite number of petty *verres*, and is, upon the whole, a lively, merry, jolly sort of customer, who is himself tolerably happy, but who hates tyranny, and deprives both mind and body of rest and pleasure to bring about a result of which it is very doubtful if he will ever enjoy the benefit. But such men are greatly to be commended; they are the pioneers in a great and noble cause.

* No educated and sensible Royalist has any hope of restoration; they only aim at making the Republic as aristocratic and *fade* as possible. M. de C—, a leading Legitimist, owned to me the other day that the election of the Legislature by two degrees, and of the President by three, was the utmost limit of his wishes. The Republic would then, he said, be governed by the ten thousand old aristocratic families, "without whom," said he, "France is nothing. Take away ten thousand families from Paris—and what is Paris? Take away ten thousand families from France—and what is France? A country composed of thirty-two millions of persons calling themselves *Frenchmen*! It is we who are France." And this poor man conceived that persons with his notions are fit to govern a French Republic in the nineteenth century.

Pierre Gonfran was a conspirator. He had been so for two years, to the great detriment of a small patrimony. But he cared not. He laboured in his vocation. He conspired, he recruited for the Society of the Friends of the People—he spread everywhere the principles of Republicanism. He was often in prison, but he came out only more exasperated against power.

It was the 26th of July, 1830. The ordonnances had appeared. All Paris was stupefied. They were read, commented, and remarked on with extreme emotion. On the boulevards, in the public places, in wine-shops, in *cafés*, nothing else was talked of.

But one feature in the revolution of 1830 must not be forgotten. It was a middle-class change. The bankers, stock-brokers, merchants, who hated Jesuitism and Jesuit government, who hated despotism because despotism kept all in uncertainty, and uncertainty is bad for money—such were the revolutionists of 1830. There was another class, that of the loose women and thieves, which having been offended by recent stringent police regulations, were ready for anything. The liberated convicts, pickpockets, &c., were at this date thirty-seven thousand in number in Paris alone. Fine elements for a revolution, which ended in putting Louis Philippe on the throne. But though these were the first movers, the mobs which started the action, the combatants were ardent workmen and shopkeepers, who hurried into the streets, musket in hand, to combat tyranny, without asking what was to come after. The Republican party spent its blood and energy in the battle; the mock Liberals, who were afraid of democracy, judging the millions from their own standard, reaped the victory.

In the outskirts of Paris, on the exterior boulevards, are numerous wine-shops, which, less numerous in 1830 than they are now, were still frequent enough. Wine paying a toll to enter the city gates, people go outside the walls to drink cheaply of untaxed wine, brandy, and other liquors. This necessarily makes these places great refuges for idleness, debauchery, and vice. They are also the great repairs of the turbulent, who could plot over some vinous liquid at fourpence British a bottle, with satisfaction to themselves and to the sellers.

Pierre Gonfran on the day in question was seated at a very early hour in the celebrated *cabaret* of a certain active elector, who formed a part of the Republican minority in all elections. Pierre was in a state of semi-lucidity. He had slept at the *cabaret* all night. On the previous evening he had spoken treason by the yard right under the nose of a police spy, and been loudly applauded, by this individual in particular, whose respectable mission was to fill the prisons of the weak old bigot whom thirty-two millions endured as king "by the grace of God,"—grand invention! as on no other ground could the institution of monarchy be defended,—divine institution! which rejoiced in such saints as Nero, Caligula, Henry VIII., Charles I., Charles II., Louis XI., Louis XV., Charles IX., George III., *et hoc genus omne*.

Pierre's head ached. He had drunk deep, leaving light potations for the vulgar throng, but he had affiliated seven new members to the Society of the Friends of the People: four honest *ouvriers*,* two idlers, and a police spy. He had

* The *ouvrier* of Paris is little understood. A more noble, gallant, and unselfish being than he is in general it is difficult to find. I have been among them much, but I prefer taking the testimony of a Carlist lady of rank, who belongs to one of those charitable institutions for visiting the poor, which are, in reality, nothing else than initerant Royalist clubs. She said to me, the very evening previous to writing this, "Monsieur P. S., these *ouvriers* are wonderful beings. I visit them much, in all quarters, in all circumstances, and I never saw anything like them. If they are miserable, I often ask them if it is not the fault of the Republic. 'No, madam,' cry they; 'we are used to misery; under Philippe, we had two years of it; we endure misery now because the rich will not spend their money, thinking to make us ask for a king again; but no, *nous aimons mieux la misère qu'un roi*. Besides, we have patience; in the end the Republic must succeed, and make us happy.'" "They are Republicans," continued she; "they execrate the name of Henry. In many houses I found ten families of workmen; one or two had work; they scrupulously divided what they had among all. 'If we are six, and I have six sous,

heard nothing of the volcano on which Paris was resting. He did not calculate that the object of his wishes was to come so near, and yet remain so far off.

"A bottle, a plate of *bœuf à la mode*, a crust, and some cheese, citoyen Panchouhe," said Pierre Gonfran, shaking his head.

"You have not lost your appetite," replied the wine-merchant.

"Because I drank half a dozen bottles, do you think me *hors de combat*? *Fi donc*, a good Republican must have a hard head."

"Why so?"

"To stand the knocks of the police *canaille*! Ah! M. Mangin—M. Mangin! your day will come."

"Hush, Pierre; the Prefect of Police has long ears."

"Like an ass," said Gonfran.

"And long arms, too, my friend."

"Bah! give me my wine, citoyen Panchouhe, and don't you talk politics."

"Hallo! what is this?" cried the wine seller, as several men entered the cabaret.

"There's something stirring," said one.

"What?" cried Gonfran, coolly.

"There's talk of barricades—shots—the devil."

"What's that you say?" said Gonfran, cramming his food into his mouth as if he thought it his last chance of eating for some time.

"*A bas le ministère!*" cried a mob without.

"*Vive le Charte!*"

"Down with the Bourbons!"

"Down with Polignac!"

"Down with Peyronnet!"

"Down with Chanteleuze!"

"What is this?" thundered Pierre Gonfran, wild with delight, and throwing his Republican hat into the air.

A well-dressed man entered with a hundred *cartouches* in his hand.

"My friends, the day is come. The Government has thrown off the mask; it has violated the charter; it has abolished the liberty of the press. It is our duty to resist. Here is ammunition. Casimir Perier wants concessions. It is a revolution which is coming."

"*Vive la République!*" cried Gonfran.

"Not so fast," said the other. "Let us have the Bourbons down first."

"And Monsieur the Duke d'Orleans after," sneered Gonfran.

"That is not the question. Our duty now is to resist the despotism of a foolish and wicked Government."

"I am your man," said Gonfran.

"Then rouse your friends, distribute cartridges, swell the crowds in the streets, and lose no opportunity to increase the army of liberty."

"Give me the powder," said Gonfran, eagerly.

The man gave him powder and ball, and went out.

"Who is that *particulier*?" asked Gonfran, when the well-dressed man went out.

"I don't know," said the wine seller.

It is one a piece," said an *ouvrier* to me. They have a common room of an evening, to save oil and firing; and they crowd together to warm one another without wood, by the mere agglomeration of animal heat. But the most *desesperant* thing about these men is, that they solemnly declare they will never take arms again, except to defend Paris against any king, or to overthrow him, if he succeeds in re-entering." Such a population may endure for six months or so the degradation of a monarchical restoration, but they will never submit to it permanently. They know very well that the Republic has nothing to do with their misery, caused solely by the revolution. It was worse from 1830 to 1834, and then the change was from one monarchy to another. *Vive la République!*

It was Henri Joseph Gisquet, *juge suppléant* at the Tribunal of Commerce, and afterwards Prefect of Police under Louis Philippe.

Gouffran finished his breakfast, distributed his ammunition, and then went down into Paris to learn the news.

CHAPTER VIII.—A SUDDEN RESOLUTION.

THE revolutionists of 1830 were very moderate in their desires; a slightly-economised budget, a small extension of the suffrage, the expulsion of Swiss, a semi-free press, and the restoration of the National Guard; such were their open wishes. They were the middle classes, and in France nothing more selfish. In England the middle classes and the superior classes of workmen are the force of the Liberal party; in France, egotism is the pervading element of all castes. The Liberals of 1830 wanted nothing for the people, and scouted the proposition of universal suffrage, made by the Carlists, who knew the force of ignorance in the agricultural masses. The *bourgeoisie* hated the nobles from wounded vanity, the clergy from jealousy of power and Voltairianism; the king, because he supported nobles and clergy; but, above all, they hated the people. They adored monarchy, because it is in its very elements opposed to true liberty. They were selfish hypocrites, those revolutionists of 1830, whose names were Thiers, Mignet, Barrot, Perier, Guizot, Manguin, Barthe, Gisquet, Boulay, &c. They wanted a change from Charles to Philippe, and they used the people as tools to attain their object; as in 1848 they revolutionised France because Messrs. Thiers and Barrot were kept seven years out of office.

Republicans there were few in those days. The people were only recovering from the twenty years of camp life, and education and enlightenment made little progress under the Bourbons and Jesuits—two plagues more sore and accursed than those of Egypt. The Republic of 1793 was painted by imperial and Carlist historians with all that malignity peculiar to priests and courtiers, and which is but the conscience cry of hate against truth and liberty.

By a natural revulsion of feeling, from 1815 to 1830, the masses were Bonapartist. Except those who were sturdy old Jacobins, or had imbibed the new principles of democracy, the people were devoted body and soul to the memory of their dead emperor; and their star in the east was Napoleon II., who was withering beneath the shade of one of the most hateful despotisms of modern history, that of Austria.

The audacity of the monarchical party may be conceived from one thing. M. d'Haussez, one of the ministers, proposed that the ordonnances should destroy election, and substitute a chamber composed of the four hundred most heavily taxed persons in the country!

The fatal ordonnances suspending the liberty of the press, annulling the elections of a Parliament which had never met, appeared on the morning of the 26th.

Paris remained calm.

The electoral body alone were excited, with the journalists, whose trade was interfered with. The people, who had no business in the quarrel between two parties equally opposed to their interests, stirred not.

It was eleven o'clock in the morning, and Victor Lefranc, or rather Victor de la Roche Poussin, was walking with Helene, Marie, and Count Theodore in the garden of the Palais Royal. They had breakfasted at the hotel of M. de Chanteleuze—not M. de Chantelauze—where they had left Maximilien, and were now engaged in a tour in search of those little things which are absolutely necessary to a wedding. Absorbed in the interesting occupation of providing for a marriage, which was to take place on the day but one following, they had wholly neglected politics; they had scarcely remarked the sinister signs of the few past days.

"Look at that odd-looking creature haranguing the people," said Helene, pointing to a man standing on a chair in the garden.

"Some mountebank," replied Count Theodore, carelessly.

"Not at all," cried Victor, with emphasis; "it's Pierre Gonfran, and he has the *Moniteur* in his hand."

He drew his friends hurriedly towards the little knot.

Gonfran stood upon a chair; in his hand was the *Moniteur*. He was reading it to himself.

"Citoyens,"—said the Republican to the crowd, which thrilled at the expression—"in 1789, also in July forty years ago, Camille Desmoulins spoke from a chair in this garden. He did not so on an occasion more important than the present. The Charte is violated, the press suspended, the Chamber dissolved, representation destroyed, and the monarchy of Louis XVI. restored, less the States-General."

"Infamous!" cried the crowd.

"What's that to us?" said a workman.

"What mean you, Gonfran?" cried Victor.

Gonfran nodded, and read the ordonnances.

The mob listened attentively, and when he concluded, sent forth a yell of rage which was anything but promising.

Victor drew his friends away.

"Let us hurry home," said he, with extreme excitement of manner.

"Why?" asked Count Theodore.

"We must be married to-day," replied Victor, solemnly.

"What mean you?" said the two blushing girls in chorus.

"To-morrow we shall be fighting," said Victor.

"Let us go home," repeated Theodore, with animation.

The two affianced brides said nothing, but took the proffered arms of the young men, who, after buying a *Moniteur*, entered a coach, and drove home.

They found the two fathers lingering over their second breakfast in luxurious and delicious remembrance of the days of youth.

"My father," cried Victor, entering—"we must be married to-day; or God only knows when.

"Is the boy mad?" said Maximilian, with a smile.

"My father, this is the eve of a day as great as the 14th of July, 1789."

"What! what!" cried M. de Chanteleuze, turning pale.

"Paris to-morrow will be a battle field." And the young men narrated all they had seen, reading in full the edicts from the *Moniteur*.

"It is a revolution!" cried Maximilian.

"It is awful," responded M. de Chanteleuze. "But Victor is right. Girls can you make up your minds to marry at once?"

The girls made no reply, but they bowed their heads, and looked very obedient.

"It shall be done," exclaimed the count.

"I think it right," answered Maximilian, whose face was radiant with hope.

The old Jacobin was full of illusions, rapidly to be deceived. Like all the Republicans, he thought himself about to fight for holy liberty. He little imagined himself about to change one tyrant for another—an unfrocked old bigoted priest for a crafty layman, half shop-keeper, half Jew.

"Victor, my boy," said the count, "let us plot this business. We have enough to do. Before night we have to sign contracts, to be wedded by the Church and by the law; and all this takes time. Victor, you to the *mairie*; Theodore, you to the *notaire*; I will to the priest myself."

It was twelve o'clock; before four in the afternoon the two young couples were married.

CHAPTER IX.—THE BEGINNING.

DURING the day of the 26th much had been done. The journalists had met, and signed their solemn protest. The timid had temporised, the ardent had pushed onward, but no sign of action or life had been given. The morning of the 27th rose. The first sign of the change was, that five journals had submitted: the three Royalist journals from spirit of party; the *Debats* and *Constitutionnel* from cowardice. Thiers had taken care to publish the *National*—it, and the *Globe*, and the *Temps*, were spread profusely in the *cafés* and other public places.

Well-dressed men went about from workshop to workshop—from wine-shop to wine-shop, stimulating the people: the students began to move about, crying "*Vive la Charte!*" The masses, who had little interest in the matter, were, however, roused up despite themselves, and began, without knowing why, to cry "*Vive la Charte!*" The manufacturers, printers, &c., belonging to the middle class revolutionary party, shut up their workshops, turned their men into the street, laying all on the king, and thus swelled the army of disaffected.

The Government ordered the journalists to be arrested, and the presses of the journals which had appeared without authorisation to be seized.

It was nearly twelve o'clock, and in the Rue Richelieu. The two young husbands, drawn by the thirst for action, and by their intense impression of duty from beside their wives, were in the street. They were armed. A pair of loaded pistols were in their pockets. They had halted before the office of the *Temps*, surrounded by a detachment of horse-gendarmerie. The gates of the court were closed.

Victor and Theodore approached just as the commissary of police reached the entrance.

The double doors flew open, and showed the proprietor of the paper, M. Baude, bare-headed, and surrounded by his editors, readers, printers, &c.

Victor and Theodore entered, with several other persons.

The commissary of police advanced, and announced that his mission was to seize the printing-presses of the paper, which had illegally appeared that morning. He spoke with hesitation, and with pallid cheek, the mien of all was so solemn, and the very gendarmes looked sulky.

"It is in virtue of the edict," said M. Baude, "that you come to touch my presses. In the name of the law, I bid you respect my property."

"Monsieur," replied the commissary, "I must obey my orders. In the name of the king, I bid you open your doors."

"Monsieur the commissary," continued M. Baude, "my doors are locked and padlocked; the key is in my possession. Break open the doors at your peril."

"I must pick your locks," said the commissary, firmly—though pale as death—"go fetch a locksmith."

A man went. The crowd increased, and began to growl. The gendarmes sat sullen on their horses.

A locksmith came with his tools.

"Pick that lock," said the commissary, who wore the marks of his office.

The locksmith advanced to obey. He was an honest workman, about to do a job for his daily bread.

"Stop," said M. Baude—drawing a book from his pocket, and reading aloud the clause in the *code civil* which punishes severely robbery with violence in a dwelling-house—(*vol avec effraction.*)

"Bravo," said Victor.

"Open these locks at your peril," added M. Baude—a tall venerable man, of rude aspect—"this man"—pointing to the commissary of police—"comes to steal my presses: beware being his accomplice."

"I will guarantee you," said the commissary, severely—"do as I tell you: pick the lock."

The blacksmith—who had taken off his cap while the article of the *code civil* was being read—hesitated.

"Obey," continued the commissary, "the law will bear you harmless; and here are ten francs for your labour."

"Obey," said M. Baude, coolly, "it is only hard labour for life. Gentlemen," turning to the crowd, "you will be my witnesses before the Court of Assizes."

A pocket-book was handed round: every man present wrote his name and address.

"Despise this mummary," said the commissary of police, angrily.

The locksmith shook his head, threw his basket of tools over his shoulder, and turned away.

"The law seems against you, M. the commissary," he said, with the slyness of a true Parisian.

The crowd applauded, and bore him away in triumph.

"It begins," said Victor, warmly; "I must away to arouse the *Vente*."

"Let us see the end of this," cried Theodore.

"Willingly."

"Fetch me another *serrurier*," said the magistrate, moodily; for he saw that his obedience to his orders was kindling the flame of insurrection.

Another came. He declined equally.

The commissary turned to a *gendarme*.

"Ride to the prefecture, and bring me Michel, the locksmith of the prison."

The mob hooted, for this man was the one who fastened the chains on the convicts.

A sudden motion took place in the ranks of the *gendarmarie*.

"What is it?" said the commissary.

"A barricade is rising at the bottom of the street."

"Gallop off and disperse the mob," exclaimed the commissary.

The *gendarmes* galloped away.

"To arms! to arms!" cried Victor to the crowd,—"away to your homes, my friends! This night the infamous Bourbons shall have ceased to reign. *Vive la Republique!*"

And leaving M. Baude and the commissary both stupified with astonishment, the young men bounded away to impel the people to revolt.

Everywhere their eyes met the white flag and the *flueurs-de-lis* of the Bourbonian gang.

A sudden inspiration seized M. Victor! He sprang into a shop, which still remained open, and bought a lot of calico, asked for a needle and thread, and, in a quarter of an hour the two friends had made a rough tri-coloured flag—that flag banished during fifteen years from France.

They were given a small pole by the woman, and, sticking their pistols in their breasts, went out again into the street.

A few passers-by were there. They paused, stood still with astonishment, with delight, and then, some with tears, some with flashing eyes, moved away, happy at the sight of that glorious flag, which recalled so much grandeur, so much greatness.

Victor, bearing it boldly on his shoulder, moved down the Rue Richelieu, followed soon by a mob, who, as they went, effaced every outward sign connected with royalty from the shops, amid loud cries of "*Vive la Charte!*"

Arrived at the Rue St. Honoré, Victor gave the flag to a bold *ouvrier*, and hurried with Theodore to re-assure their parents and young wives.

They arrived as dinner was served.

"What mean these guns?" said M. de Chanteleuze.

"The *Drapeau Tri-colore* is paraded through the streets—barricades are rising—the monarchy has seen its last day," cried Victor.

"You have been fighting," said his pretty young wife.

"Not yet," replied Victor, tenderly; "but I shall be fighting soon, love."

"A pretty husband!" said Helene, pale and pouting.

"My dear little wife," replied fondly the husband one day old, "I must not forget the duty I owe to France. Her liberty is at stake, and I cannot hesitate one moment. I and Theodore pass this night in the streets of Paris."

"Bless you, my son," cried the old Jacobin.

"Is it necessary," said Marie to her brother, "that you should go out?"

"My dear girl, it is. The struggle is organising. The people are ignorant and undecided. They are betrayed. The deputies whose existence the masses are about to defend have not the courage to declare themselves a Parliament. They temporise, they wait. I am told that Perier has sought to make terms."

"The old story. A quarrel about place," said Maximilian.

"But let us dine," exclaimed the Count de Chanteleuze.

"I shall die, I am sure," said Madame la Comtesse de Chanteleuze; "really I'm afraid we've got the reign of terror coming again."

"No, madam," replied Victor, "not even the Republic, I fear. Those who will head this revolution, when the work is done, will betray the people."

Madame la comtesse made no reply. Her horror at having a Republican in her family quite took away the poor woman's power of speech.

The whole party sat down to dinner, and Victor and Theodore related succinctly all they had seen during the day.

Scarcely had the dinner commenced when a drumming was heard. It was the *rappel* of the National Guard.

"But the National Guard is dissolved by the king," said the Count, puzzled.

"It is re-forming itself," replied Victor.

"This insures the ultimate success of the movement," added Maximilian.

The dinner was eaten rapidly, and the whole party was soon again collected in the saloon. The old men conversed in a low whisper, sometimes about the present, sometimes about the past. The countess retired to her chamber. The young couples went each their way, and it was late ere coffee again re-united the party.

"My son," said old Maximilian, when coffee had been taken, "I cannot bid you stay. I never missed an insurrection in the good old time. But remember, while you owe courage to your country, you owe prudence and caution to us."

"Fear not," replied Victor; "we will do our duty without exposing ourselves uselessly. There will not, I fancy, be much fighting."

"For my sake," said Helene.

"For my sake," said Marie.

"For all our sakes," put in the count.

"We must take our muskets," said Victor. There are two at our place, father. I will give yours to Theodore."

"'Tis hard they will not let me go," exclaimed Maximilian, shaking his head.

The young men turned away, for their young wives were weeping, in each other's arms, most bitter tears—tears full of anguish and suffering.

They veiled their own humid eyes, and went out.

CHAPTER X.—THE TOCSIN.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

The tocsin sounded lugubriously from the church of St. Severin, and the great bell of Notre Dame sent back the formidable echo. Round about the Hotel de Ville crowded dense masses. The municipal palace was in the hands of a small body of young men, who had planted a tri-coloured flag on its summit.

Victor and Theodore had passed the night in erecting barricades, and in guiding the energies of the people.

Paris was in a state of siege, and the Duke de Raguse in supreme command, obeying the king as a soldier, despairing at his bloody mission as a man.

All those round the Hotel de Ville were armed.

Rat-tat-tat!

"Obey," continued the commissary, "the law will bear you harmless; and here are ten francs for your labour."

"Obey," said M. Baude, coolly, "it is only hard labour for life. Gentlemen," turning to the crowd, "you will be my witnesses before the Court of Assizes."

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"The old story. A quarrel about place," said Maximilian.

"But let us dine," exclaimed the Count de Chanteleuze.

"I shall die, I am sure," said Madame la Comtesse de Chanteleuze; "really I'm afraid we've got the reign of terror coming again."

"No, madam," replied Victor, "not even the Republic, I fear. Those who will head this revolution, when the work is done, will betray the people."

Madame la comtesse made no reply. Her horror at having a Republican in her family quite took away the poor woman's power of speech.

The whole party sat down to dinner, and Victor and Theodore related succinctly all they had seen during the day.

Scarcely had the dinner commenced when a drumming was heard. It was the *rappel* of the National Guard.

"But the National Guard is dissolved by the king," said the Count, puzzled.

"It is re-forming itself," replied Victor.

"This insures the ultimate success of the movement," added Maximilian.

The dinner was eaten rapidly, and the whole party was soon again collected in the saloon. The old men conversed in a low whisper, sometimes about the present, sometimes about the past. The countess retired to her chamber. The young couples went each their way, and it was late ere coffee again re-united the party.

"My son," said old Maximilian, when coffee had been taken, "I cannot bid you stay. I never missed an insurrection in the good old time. But remember, while you owe courage to your country, you owe prudence and caution to us."

"Fear not," replied Victor; "we will do our duty without exposing ourselves uselessly. There will not, I fancy, be much fighting."

"For my sake," said Helene.

"For my sake," said Marie.

"For all our sakes," put in the count.

"We must take our muskets," said Victor. There are two at our place, father. I will give yours to Theodore."

"Tis hard they will not let me go," exclaimed Maximilian, shaking his head.

The young men turned away, for their young wives were weeping, in each other's arms, most bitter tears—tears full of anguish and suffering.

They veiled their own humid eyes, and went out.

CHAPTER X.—THE TOCSIN.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

The tocsin sounded lugubriously from the church of St. Severin, and the great bell of Notre Dame sent back the formidable echo. Round about the Hotel de Ville crowded dense masses. The municipal palace was in the hands of a small body of young men, who had planted a tri-coloured flag on its summit.

Victor and Theodore had passed the night in erecting barricades, and in guiding the energies of the people.

Paris was in a state of siege, and the Duke de Raguse in supreme command, obeying the king as a soldier, despairing at his bloody mission as a man.

All those round the Hotel de Ville were armed.

Rat-tat-tat!

The drums of the line beat in the rue Planche-Mebray, and the people fell back on the quay.

Victor and Theodore moved with them.

It was the *garde*, which, advancing towards the pont Notre Dame, suddenly unmasked two cannon, and fired.

The crowd fled, leaving heaps of dead and wounded.

The *garde* then occupied the bridge, and the quais de Gevres and Pelletier, a party pursuing the people, and entering the Hotel de Ville.

Victor and Theodore entered a house on the quay of the Hotel de Ville, and looked out from an upper window.

Across the narrow channel island of the Seine, between them and the island of the Cité, they saw dense crowds occupying the opposite bank. They at once waved their tri-coloured flag from the window, and the combat commenced.

A whole regiment of the line remained inactive beside the combatants of the quay de la Cité—now quay Napoleon.

Meantime, the *rappel* and the *generale* were beating in all the neighbouring streets. The National Guard was reviving.

Victor and Theodore had taken some dozen men into the house with them, and thus kept up a continuous fire on the flank of the *Garde Royale*, with the *Swiss*, the only body which fought with determination.

Suddenly a company was detached from the main body of the Royal Guard, evidently with orders to attack the house from whence so galling a fire was kept up.

"Now for a struggle," said Victor.

The door below was fastened. It was thick, and plated with iron. The shop was defended by thick iron bars.

Mattresses were so placed at the windows as to deaden the effect of the balls, while the besieged made use of every loop-hole.

Every man in the house was a *carbonari*. It was the *vente* formed by Victor which had collected round him during the night.

Six windows were guarded by about twenty men.

The soldiers took up positions on every side, and began a steady fire, which was answered in a straggling manner.

Victor commanded on the first floor, Theodore on the *entresol*—apartment between the ground-floor and first floor.

A communication had been cut between the two rooms.

"Cease firing," said Victor.

He was obeyed.

"Load, my friends, and let us fire in platoons, ten above and ten below: it will have double effect.

"We are loaded," cried Theodore.

"Then fire," replied Victor; and then ten men fired with the precision of old troopers.

Three soldiers fell, and the rest moved back in disorder, redoubled immediately afterwards by a murderous discharge from above.

"What is that officer saying?" cried Victor.

"Fetch up a piece of artillery?" replied the *ouvrier* he had addressed.

"Go see if we can escape by the rear of the house," said Victor, quietly; "we cannot resist cannon, and may do good elsewhere."

In five minutes the man returned.

"There is no issue at the back!"

"Then to the roof, my boys," said Victor, after every man had loaded, and the wounded had staunched their bleeding gunshots.

The whole party followed rapidly, and the roof was soon gained. In ten minutes the party had descended into the Rue des Plumets.

The rest of the day was passed in continued fights, out of all of which the people were practically victorious.

Victor had gone three times to the deputies, met at the house of M. Audry de

Puyraveau, that noble and consistent and sincere Republican. He had found Sebastiani, Guizot, Dupin, and all the monarchists trembling, pale, terror-stricken. They were now more afraid of the people than of the king. On the 28th of July two hundred out of the two hundred and twenty composing the liberal opposition, would have licked the shoes of Charles X. to have escaped a revolution. They knew not the force of trickery and cunning, and that until education and true civilisation have spread further, every revolution effected by the people will be *escamoted* by their enemies and oppressors.

Woe unto these, however, when the day of reckoning comes.

At ten o'clock at night, the two young men, who had sent several messages home, were heading the attack on the Hotel de Ville. The Place de Grève, and all the neighbouring quays were in the hands of the people.

Paris was now entirely covered with barricades. So much was this the case that it was scarcely possible for the troops to move about.

At midnight the garrison of the Hotel de Ville disappeared, the municipal palace was in the hands of the people, and had not the Carbonari been split into parties, a dozen energetic men, by boldly proclaiming Lafayette at their head, would have been masters of France, and have cheated the intrigues of the Duke of Orleans by proclaiming the Republic. The Bonapartists would then probably have brought back the Empire, which though but a glorious dream, would have been preferable to the reign of the son of Philippe-Egalité, and of the ex-doorkeeper of the Jacobin club.

From midnight until six in the morning, Victor and Theodore slept near a barricade.

At twelve o'clock next day, the struggle was over. Paris was in the hands of its bold and heroic people, it is to be hoped not for the last time.

Victor and Theodore hurried home to bear the news of the victory, and then moved to Lafitte's to press the proclamation of the Republic.

MUSIC : ITS RISE AND PROGRESS.

CHAPTER III.

ALESSANDRO SCARLATTI is, by mutual consent, one of the greatest masters of all time. His eminence shines alike conspicuous in dramatic recitation : the invention of grand, noble, and striking melodies : the art of the higher department of counterpoint ; and in a free and judicious style of instrumental accompaniment he was a century in advance of his time, and is acknowledged to be the reformer of those kinds of music. His influence on the taste of his contemporaries was at once felt and rendered apparent by the spirit, not of opposition, but of emulation, which he kindled, and by their endeavours, added to his own genius, was paved the road to that altitude in the art of sound which signalised the succeeding period. His own pupils promoted this glorious attainment, the dawn of which it was his own good fortune to survive. In the history of opera the long period from Cesti to Cavalli to the time of Scarlatti is involved in darkness, owing to which, and the scarcity of evidence to the contrary, it has usually been deemed that to Scarlatti the form of the aria with the two parts and the *da capo* is due, and that he was the first who composed overtures to his

operas; but the supposition has been confuted by the discovery, in the court library of Vienna, of several dramatic compositions belonging to a period antecedent to that in which Scarlatti flourished, and which contain original introductions of sufficient length to merit the name of overtures. One thing, however, is certain—namely, that Scarlatti gave permanence to the practice of overtures, as the rule most followed had been to prelude every opera with one and the same overture, which was that of the famous Lully, of Paris. Much information on this subject may be gained by consulting the article on overtures in Rousseau's "Dictionary of Music." It is, moreover, unquestionable that to Scarlatti is owing the highest possible state of perfection in recitative, while his *cantatas*, as studies for composers, are models of expression. His greatest merit was, however, that in all this he was not a solitary star with a brightness exaggerated through the absence of contrast, for in other countries there likewise existed men of illustrious merit who distinguished the age, and would have held its chief place but for Scarlatti. We may instance Antonio Lotti, *Magister capella* in the church of St. Mark, at Venice, whose sublimity in counterpoint, the sacred drama, and in the concerted or solemn church style has never been surpassed. He studied counterpoint in 1684 with Francesco Gasparini, under the direction of Lagresizi, and is considered one of the boldest and most grammatical harmonists of any age. The same era also boasted of Joseph Fux, *Magister capella* to the emperor Charles VI, who, in both sacred and dramatic music, created master-pieces of art. Benedetto Marcello was another who gained undying laurels in the school of song. He was a patrician of Venice, and his works have come down to our own time, particularly his celebrated Fifty Psalms of David, which are even now frequently reprinted in various editions, and will never become obsolete.

Francisco Conti was another light of that age. He was a satellite at the imperial court of Vienna, and acquired celebrity by the daring originality of his inventions. He has, in fact, received the appellation of the Mozart of his time for the success with which he risked his various innovations. His career extended as late as 1719, in which year he produced an opera entitled *Don Quixotte*, the wit and humour of which is but little inferior to the original conception of Cervantes.

Another great man of the time was Paolo Colunno, a composer and teacher in Bologna of the higher department of counterpoint, and who rose into great esteem on account of being founder of the school of the above city.

Antonio Caldara was another composer, the sprightliness and scientific texture of whose works, and the richness of whose invention rendered him worthy of the age of Scarlatti. A single glance at his score excites admiration, and all who listen to his performances become affected by their grace, and the striking effects produced in the treatment of his subjects. He was sub-*magister capella* at the court of the Emperor, Charles IV.

In France the sway was carried by Giovanni Battista Lully, whose claims to renown were sufficiently explained in the preceding chapter. In the States of Germany the school of Opera took root and flourished with difficulty as heretofore; yet even there the example of Scarlatti put genius on the alert, and raised several composers of merit, amongst the chief of whom was Reinhard Keyser, of Hamburg, who wrote the almost incredible number of one hundred and sixteen operas for his native town and the Court of Brunswick. He was proud of associating his own name with that of Scarlatti, and frequently declared that composer and himself to be the chiefs of their period. His works have not, however, attained much publicity.

In Munich and Vienna the Italian opera and oratorio were alone esteemed, the chief of these being written by Fux, of whom we have already spoken, and whose "*Gradus ad Parnassum*" will always create admiration.

Instrumental music was but little known, even by name, at this epoch in Italy; although from the time of Louis XIII. the French court had kept in pay violins and violas of different dimensions, for which Henry le Jeune and

Boesset wrote a description of chamber music. The first real elevation of instrumental art, nevertheless, proceeded from Italy through Corelli, Gemini-ana and Vivaldi, who, towards the end of the seventeenth century and the beginning of the next, acquired much eminence for their violins, solos, trios, quartettes, and "*concerti grossi*;" their celebrity, however, was greatest in England and Germany. There never was a want of good organists in either Italy or Germany, and to them we are indebted for the maintenance of the fugued style which prevailed in church music. At this period also, the theory of all kinds of *obligato* counterpoint was first clearly developed, and the form of the legitimate fugue established by Beraldi, Buononcini, and Fux.

But the department of musical practice which in the time of Scarlatti was advanced to the greatest degree of perfect was the art of singing. In the earlier time of counterpoint, from Dufay to Montiverde, singing was merely practised in the choruses, and the only talent required in vocalists was a perfection of their theoretical knowledge, so as to enable them to read music at sight. An agreeable voice merely increased this value without being considered particularly essential. According to this state of practical music, boys, whose fitness for singing the *soprano* or *alto* is limited to an early age, could never become useful for chapel singing; and as church etiquette forbade the admission of females into the choirs, they were of necessity only filled by men; the *soprano* and *alto* parts were assigned to falsetto voices, of which the most celebrated were the Spanish in the Pontifical Chapel. The introduction of monodies, of concerti, dramatic music, the aria in operas, cantati, and singing first rendered it evident that the employment of five voices would ensure a superior quality of performance, and it soon became apparent that the success of an opera depended as much upon the accomplishments of the singer as on the excellence of the composition. Hence the disgraceful custom of performing surgical operations, in imitation of one well known in the east, which had the effect of making boys *soprano* singers, and which, it is hoped, the enlightened state of the present age has destined to be suppressed. From the introduction of this practice may be dated the famous singing-schools which contributed so much to the advancement of music all over the world, and one of which was founded in Bologna by the famous Pistocchi, who was himself an eunuch. Another was introduced at Rome by Fedi, and a third by Redi at Florence. In Naples excellent singers of both sexes sprung up, and commanded the talents of the most distinguished composers. Thus the art of sound, in the time of Scarlatti, attained a perfection it seemed impossible to excel; and thus also was it that the portals of the musical drama were opened for the reception of the elevated Neapolitan school, with the mention of which we closed our last chapter, and which owed its foundation to Francesco Durante, Leonardo Leo, and Gaetano Greco—all pupils of Scarlatti.

The marked respect paid by the composers of the Neapolitan school to all harmonic and contrapuntic science, their attention to every source of aid handed down by the ancients, and to the modern improvements in singing and instrumentalisation were not the only features by which the career of Scarlatti's pupils were distinguished; they did more, and established rules for the theoretical part of melody and the better construction of the aria. The musical phrase, as the member of a supposed musical period, had up to that time been usually too short, and the cadenza too frequent and out of proportion. The aria itself was consequently of too fleeting a character for confirming by an appropriate repetition the principal ideas on the minds of the audience; but Leo and his compeers lengthened the phrase as well as the aria, and by giving regulations to rhythm not only gave, as it were, a beauty of outline to their musical compositions in their separate parts, but a proportionate symmetry in their relation one to another. When not prohibited by an outbreak of passionate declamation in the poetry, it was their custom also to lengthen the ritornelle, and thus prepare the listener for the approaching melody. They caused the principal melody to open the aria and gave it, as accessories, a second

and sometimes a third appropriate idea, which had the effect of even raising expectation concerning what was coming; these were conducted into related keys and executed with various modifications; then repeated once more in the original key, in which came a suitable piece for the instruments after the cadence had been made, and which was mostly derived from the motive of the opening symphony: thus concluded the first part. The second consisted of a short piece, usually derived from the first, but distinctly separated from it, and performed in a related but visibly-different key. The *de capo* or repetition of the first part followed the cadence with which the second concluded; and thus was established a form of aria which became the model of composers both in Italy and elsewhere; and which, with some unimportant deviations, still exists in the legitimate aria of our own age. For the sake of variety there were arias composed also without the second part, and these received the name of *cavatina* or *cavatina*.

A new shade of sound and a stronger body of tone was at the same time introduced by the use of oboes, horns, flutes, and fagottes into the orchestra; where, with the occasional introduction of a single wind instrument, bow instruments had hitherto been exclusively employed. The excitement produced by these lofty examples excited emulation in the breast of every student of the Neapolitan school, and caused it to bring forth an unprecedented number of celebrated masters, to whom the government of the opera of Italy was entirely submitted. How well calculated they were to sustain their well-earned reputation may be inferred from the lustre of the names comprised in the list, which even in that early period had acquired a renown that has rendered them familiar to our own times. The mention of a few for whom the world was indebted to the Neapolitan school will be sufficient. The earliest of its masters were Sarri, Carapella, Porpora, Vinci, Sala, Feo, Teradeglias, Duni, Perez, and Pergolesi. A few years afterwards Traetta and Jomelli arose, and somewhat later Sacchini and Piccini, who invented the Italian opera buffo, with *ensemble* pieces and *finales*; to these succeeded Caffaro, Majo, Aufolsi, and Guglielmi the elder, who were in turn followed at a later period by Guglielmi the younger, Paesello, Cimarosa, and Zingarelli. Hasse also, a great German composer of the period, enjoyed in 1720 the friendship and paternal instruction of the now patriarchal Scarlatti, and claimed to be considered as belonging to the school he had founded; and lastly, the illustrious Haydn, who studied under Porpora—wound up a list of masters who formed the ornament of the century in which they lived, and whose renown will ever shed splendour upon the art they professed.

Amidst other improvements, the art of using the bow was in this memorable epoch brought to a state of inconceivable perfection by the famous Tartini and his pupil Nardini. Pugnani also assisted, and hence the admiration that arose for bow instruments, and the number of compositions which were produced for them. Many *virtuosi*, however, became as distinguished for their love and improvement of wind instruments.

It was at this period that the wits, connoisseurs, musicians, and *litterati* of Paris deserted their old favourite Lully for Rameau, whose operas soon found their way into Northern Germany, and actually gave rise to a discussion whether Italian opera was superior to the French, or French to the Italian. While this was going on, the lively genius of the French gave encouragement to a new and peculiar kind of composition that arose from the occasional introduction of songs into their comedies—namely, the French operetta, afterwards brought to such perfection by Philidor, Monsigny, and Grétry. In church music no progress was made worth recording; for though Marchand paid some attention to the organ, he was so completely eclipsed by Sebastian Bach, as to leave little room for competition.

In England, of which we shall speak more at large hereafter, the cause of music was being sustained at this era by Dr. Arne and Handel; subsequent to which, the Italian Opera of London was written for by Glück and Hasse.

In Germany, shortly after the reformation, a new species of metrical choral music, founded on popular melodies, was introduced into the Church, and the practice of accompanying this harmonically, with the endeavours of organists to attain a varied and intellectual accompaniment, promoted and perfected the harmony and scientific counterpoint upon the choral. It was thus that the German organists became the pride of the world, and gained the completest mastery of their instrument. New compositions, expressly for the organ, now poured in ; and to satisfy the demands of genius the study of the art advanced by an improved practical temperament or tuning, to facilitate its modulation into every conceivable key.

Thus, in the numberless varieties of combinations produced in the fugued piece by the obligato, harmonies arose not previously known, and it became necessary to prescribe rules for their regulation, and hence that proficiency which constituted the German masters as the law-givers on all subjects connected with their peculiar art as players on the organ, and which produced the immortal names of Mattheson, Carl Phil, Daube, Sorge, Kirnberger, Marpurg, and Emanuel Bach. These were followed by Handel and Johan Sebastian Bach, men whose names distinguish the epoch, and of whom it was affirmed by the *dilettanti* of their time that the oratorios of the one and the fugue works of the other would never be approached, unless Orpheus himself came down from Heaven : yet we have not only seen them equalled, but surpassed. They began and ended an epoch of their own, and as tastes altered they became naturally eclipsed by those who best studied the bias of the succeeding age.

Respecting instrumental music the Germans during this epoch are by no means open to the charge of idleness. But the ridiculous insipidity of the pieces composed have rendered a collection of the music of the time mere waste paper ; and while enlightened amateurs of the violin seek for and collect the works of Corelli, who wrote in 1690, the chamber music of a subsequent period is totally neglected, with the exception of the concertos, trios, and quartettes of the mighty Handel, and the fugues and preludes of the equally illustrious Johan Sebastian Bach.

With the exception of the French operas already mentioned as having been introduced into Germany by Rameau, the Italian Opera may be considered as the national school of the period, as no opera essentially German is recorded as having been produced during its progress. German as well as Italian masters presided, and at other courts and cities Hiller, George Benda, and others introduced the French operetta. In the departments of grand oratorio and sacred cantata, the most distinguished composers were Telemann, of Hamburgh, Stölzel, of Gotha, and, above all others, Graun, who composed a number of Italian operas for Berlin, and several chamber cantatas. His *Tod Jesu*, in respect to recitative and chorus, is a great classical work.

Such was the career of Scarlatti ; the masters he created, and the noble advantage acquired from them by music in all its departments. We now turn to another chapter, and enter upon the career of the immortal Glück.

(To be continued.)

TO "ANNIE."

ON THE PERUSAL OF SOME STANZAS SHE HAD ADDRESSED TO HER FATHER.

And so thou art a kindred muse?—

Pretty Annie! Pretty Annie!

And canst thy thoughts in Song infuse?

Gifted Annie! Gifted Annie!

Then mine shall be the *Brother's* part,

To stem thy tear-drops when they start;

Welcome, SISTER, to my heart!

Gentle Annie! Gentle Annie!

I knew when we, dear girl, did meet—

Sister Annie! Sister Annie!

Thy glance was bright, thy smile was sweet,

Lovely Annie! Lovely Annie!

But wist not that those charms could gleam

Beneath high *poesy's* flashing beam;

To realise a poet's dream!—

Of Beauty, Annie! of Beauty, Annie!

Nor thought I that those eyes so dark;—

Black-eyed Annie! Black-eyed Annie!

Bore INSPIRATION's radiant spark!—

Bright-eyed Annie! Bright-eyed Annie!

I saw that *Light* had there been given;—

Light such as oft the heart hath riven!—

But knew not that 't was *light* from HEAVEN—

Sun-eyed Annie! Sun-eyed Annie!

For, ah! when first thy form I view'd—

Dearest Annie! Dearest Annie!

Thy muse with *folded* pinion stood—

Artless Annie! Artless Annie!

But now the wing and lute appear;—

Thy flight I see; thy song I hear—

Thou seem'st a maid of other sphere!

Matchless Annie! Matchless Annie!

I sought thy song's sweet source to sip—

Tempting Annie! Tempting Annie!

And nectar'd found thy Hebe lip!—

Spotless Annie! Spotless Annie!

The vestal seal that met my press

With fancies new my brain did bless;—

Fresh manna in a wilderness!

INSPIRING Annie! INSPIRING Annie!

Thus was inspired these votive lays:—

Blushing Annie! Blushing Annie!

The chords I've struck in thy dear praise!

My Muse, my Annie! My Muse, my Annie!

Nought else shall hence inspire my strain;—

I know I shall not ask in vain

To snatch the nectar'd spell again—

DARLING Annie!—SISTER Annie!

E. R. L.

DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL MIRROR.

How passing strange it is that public men will not be persuaded into proper attention to public matters, or even to their own interests. The press is left to do it all, and when that is silent the world and its caterers appear to go to sleep together. In nothing is this more apparent than in theatrical matters, and in no class of individuals do we find men less public spirited than many of our managers, who will do anything to avoid novelty; whilst their supine patrons quietly bear the infliction of pieces night after night, until thoroughly worn out, and then patiently remain at home until some change, however trite, invites them again to an atmosphere of gas, and a recreation of sedatives for the ninety-ninth time repeated. Meanwhile, the journals of the day have little leisure, amid the press of affairs and the distraction of politics, to make their commentaries upon the evil; and thus managers are permitted to pursue the road to ruin unrebuked. Uninfluenced by this general inertia, we shall ourselves never refrain from raising our voice against the mismanagement of our public institutions. Society has too important a stake in such matters for us to allow them to be trifled with by indolence and folly; and it is our resolve to institute a *corps* of observation over the doings of managers, so vigilant and of such severity that nothing deserving admonishment and reprehension shall escape us.

The three most prominent and culpable offenders respecting dramatic misdoings in the Metropolis are the lessees of the Haymarket, the Lyceum, and the Adelphi Theatres. These ladies and gentlemen seem as if they one and all imagined that it was quite impossible their audiences could ever be surfeited. Provincial readers will hardly credit us when we inform them that since our last there has been nothing in the shape of novelty at either house. Old pieces have been revived, and the last new ones have continued to "drag their slow lengths along;" but nothing, literally nothing, has been placed upon either of the three stages, to testify a care for the entertainment of visitors, or of the interests of talent unemployed. At the Haymarket the Windsor entertainments have been repeated *ad nauseam*. *Hamlet*, *The Merchant of Venice*, *The Stranger*, and *The Housekeeper*, have taken possession of the theatre, and it appears as if Mr. Webster found it impossible to get rid of them. They formed an attractive family party at first, but are not characters to whom we should be forced to pay our respects too often. Familiarity breeds contempt, and bright as are the endowments with which genius has invested the Castle importations, these incessant repetitions, if much longer prolonged, will have the effect to render the vagaries of the Danish prince fatiguing; the melancholy of the German misanthrope a bore; the exaggerated conduct of Shylock and his oppressors perfectly intolerable, and the flippancy and la-la sentiment of the Derbyshire heiress, and the philosophical buzzard her cousin, too insufferable to be longer endured. This was not the contemplated results of royal patronage. The Queen's object in placing the lights of bygone days before her people was to stimulate the brains of the present age; and by reminding managers of what had been done, to teach them what they ought to embrace the golden opportunity of now doing. Is it to be supposed that, with the whole world in progress, the mental faculties are ebbing? The very idea is preposterous; and the evidence of every day shows us that mind and intellect are towering with hourly-increasing grandeur above the impediments of the middle ages, and, with proper aid, will reach the altitude they attained when all was new to man, and he had the choice of materials for the expression of his sublimest thoughts. Such being the case, is it not monstrous that we should thus be continually forced upon the mental dietary of the past? Nothing is more necessary than to review the productions of old, and take our impressions from the best specimens of foregone genius; but the past is not to be chained like a log to our heels; once scanned, we want to bound forward—to learn the things of present times, to match the rising race against its predecessors, and to try how far the doings of "auld lang syne" are to be excelled. Mankind would perish did it depend upon the cast-off garments and the offal of its ancestors; but nature ordains otherwise; she renews the materials for raiment, and raises fresh provisions every season. Is intellect, then, to be

her only boon without a market? The fiat of managers seems to decree it; but the fact cries shame upon the generation, and will retard for centuries all improvement, if not amended while there is yet time and opportunity. The men who gave epochs to literature won their renown and received their meed; so did the traders of those periods; let, therefore, even-handed justice be dealt to the children of idea as well as to the man of commerce. Purchase fresh thought as well as new bread, otherwise the gifts of the brain will become a curse instead of a blessing, and the absence of their lustre occasion a more than Bœtian darkness to overspread the age.

But not only to literary men and the public is it unfair to season up the dishes of an ancient feast. The actor is also injured; he is unjustly withheld from the display of his varied powers, and thus made to risk the continued favour of admirers. What is the use of such gifted *artistes* as Charles Kean and his estimable lady, if they are night after night to be condemned to the development of the same characters? We want to see what new fire they possess within them; what fresh secret they can teach us of the workings of the soul. We know how Hamlet can struggle, and Mrs. Haller suffer; we have seen the actor and actress descend from the pedestal of tragedy to delight us in the enactment of a trifle such as is *The Housekeeper*; we have a right, then, to demand that such versatility be not lost in the tedium of repetition, but tested and displayed in some modern creation from a living pen. Mr. and Mrs. Kean form now a portion of the regular company, and we doubt not that their desire is to work on solid level ground, instead of being made to parade continually upon antiquated stilts. We trust that our observations will not be lost upon that gentleman and lady, and that they will hereafter insist upon being allowed to increase the reputation they have attained, by appearing in new productions equally worthy of their talents.

Madame Vestris and Mr. Mathews care less for dramatic literature than even Mr. Webster. Their palladium is the wardrobe; their tower of strength the property-room; their chief force the scene-painter and his assistants. Let a dapper penman provide scope for these resources, and the "dialect" may go to old Nick, provided it be plentifully sprinkled with the now savourless salt of Joe Miller. All they wish is, to dazzle and astonish on the first night; and those objects gained, they carry on a production on the strength of its mere trappings, until the eye itself aches at the sameness of the continuous glare. Thus has it been with *The King of the Peacocks* during the past month, and such, we doubt not, it will continue to be during the one ensuing. Her Majesty has been to witness the extravaganza, and consequently the peacock king cannot be expected to moult a feather.

But of all the establishments for vending

— "a thrice-told tale,
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man,"

the Adelphi Theatre takes the lead. In that house visitors are made to swallow the same pasties for two or three successive seasons. Even then it is not shelved. The supporters of the principal characters retire to the provinces to recruit, and some temporary piece of trumpery is brought out for the nonce, to suit the convenience of certain parties; but no sooner do the magnates return, than back comes the piece into the bills, and out come the renewed announcements that "they will be continued every evening until further notice." No wonder that with such small patronage the best writers for the stage are devoting themselves to other departments in literature, and no wonder that public taste for theatrical amusements is becoming languid. But let managers be warned in time. The crisis of the drama has arrived; its best interests waver in the balance. "To be or not to be," is literally the question; and another season will settle its doom until another generation.

Having expressed our opinions so freely, we will leave the parties most concerned to chew the cud of our remarks; and proceed to a notice of those establishments which have done something to deserve one.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

At length the programme has been published for the ensuing season at the Theatre Royal Covent Garden, and, with regard to individual talent, as well as the general excellence of the whole, every arrangement has been made to furnish a lyrical entertainment deserving of success. The projectors had great difficulties to encounter during the last season, and it was quite obvious that without attraction of the first order it would be futile to hope success for the one ensuing; impressed by this, the directors have adopted

the most energetic steps to carry out so essential an object. It will be borne in mind, that within two years the management have produced no less than twenty-three operas with entirely new dresses, decorations, and appointments; which fact is, we believe, totally without precedent, and it is, we understand, intended to show an equal amount of exertion in the coming time.

Auber's *Masaniello*, Meyerbeer's *Roberto Il Diavolo*, and Cimarosa's *Il Matrimonio Segreto* are promised us immediately; to be followed by Meyerbeer's new grand opera of *Le Prophete*, now on the point of being produced at the Royal Academy of Paris, and the copyright of which has been secured for Covent Garden. Report assigns this as the greatest of Meyerbeer's works; and to ensure its perfect representation the King of Prussia has granted Meyerbeer the permission to attend its production. Grisi, Pauline Viardot, Mario, Massol, and Marini, are all embraced in the cast. This looks as if something on a grand scale was really intended. The performance of ballets is to be confined to those incidental to the operas, and to short divertissements, in order that all works may be produced without mutilation. The list of engagements is one of the most splendid we have ever seen, and contains a most dazzling host of stars.

In opera we are to have for the *primi soprani* Madame Grisi, who, it is said, makes this the last season of her appearance; Madame Dorus Gras (from the Academie Royal of Paris), her first appearance at the Royal Italian Opera; Mdles. Corbari and Steffanoni; Madame Ronconi, Miss Catherine Hayes, who will also make her first appearance in England; she is from the principal theatres of Italy and Germany; the divine Pauline Viardot fills up the list. The *contralti* will consist of Signora Angri, her first appearance in England; she is from the principal theatres of Italy, Germany, and Russia; Mademoiselle Meric also,—from the Italian Opera of Paris. The *seconda donna* will be Madame Bellini. The *tenori* will be Signor Mario (who is promised for the opening night in *Masaniello*), Signori Salvi, Luigi Mei, and Lavia. The *primi bassi baritoni* will be Signor Tamburini and M. Massal, from the Academie Royale of Paris; Signor Giorgio Ronconi is also engaged. Signor Marini and Signor Tagliafico will be the *primi bassi profondi*, and as *attri primi bassi*, Signori Polonini, Rache, and Talamo.

Mr. Costa is to be director, music composer, and conductor. In the orchestral department we are promised the same unequalled band as last season, which all acknowledged to be one of the completest and most talented in Europe. The military bands will be under the direction of Mr. Godfrey. The chorus will number ninety-four, viz:—forty female and fifty-four male voices. *Maitre de ballet*, Signor Casati; prompter, Signor Montrasi; poet, and translator of the libretti, Signor Maggioni; scenic artistes, Messrs. Grieve and Telbin; Mr. A. Harris will have the arrangement of the spectacles; and the costumes are by Mrs. E. Bailey and Madame Maria; decorator, Mr. Blamire; machinist, Mr. Allen. The season is announced to commence on Saturday, 10th of March, with Auber's grand opera of *Masaniello*, as already stated. It is to be produced with entirely new scenery and appointments.

ST. JAMES'S.

THE OPERA COMIQUE.

It will be seen that the course pursued at some of our native theatres has called forth our strictures in more than one instance, admixed with no little necessary severity; for so sincere is our love of the drama in all its branches as an art, that we shall never shrink from the expression of a just opinion.

"Still pleased to praise, yet not afraid to blame."

Would that, instead of inflicting our censures, we could have indulged in the spirit of praise so amply engendered and deserved by Mr. Mitchell in his endeavour to gratify the patrons of the St. James's Theatre! Why is it that we are thus ever to be excelled by the French in every instance where a conjunction of good taste and judgment is the essential of success, and where a spirited outlay of capital is certain of meeting its adequate return? The nation boasts of its superiority in brute force, but we would much rather see it fight with the armies of intellect, and prove equally victorious. One, and, in fact, the leading cause of French supremacy in these things, is its passionate love of art, and the union with which its *artistes* devote themselves to the prosperity and exaltation of whatever branch it may be their province to sustain. Hence the completeness, the

ensemble of the *Opera Comique*. The members of its dramatic *corps* possess an *esprit* and an excellence in their several *genres* which cannot be surpassed. The dramas are amusing and well constructed. The music, though not possessed of the breadth and depth of the German school, possesses a charming gaiety of tone, that uplifts if it does not inspire. The *mise en scene* is always carefully studied, as well as costume and other necessary appointments. The orchestra is perfection, and the excellent management that presides over the whole is founded on the best and most successful antecedent models. Hence, although the grandeur of Mozart, the sublimity of Shakspeare, and the wit of Beaumont and Fletcher, are unknown to them, the French achieve a completeness and attractiveness nowhere else to be found, and thus secure remunerative success, while the managers in England hobble a century behind, in the vain effort to secure equal profits without a tithe of their merits.

The establishment of an *opera comique* in London is a work of immense difficulty, and forms a great fact. The French importations of old were like the itinerant companies of our own country, and consequently either coldly received or scouted altogether. The same would have occurred had a parcel of wandering minstrels from Italy come over to give us a notion of the works of its great masters; we should have "sent them packing as they came;" but when genius and enterprise instigated an Italian opera, surpassing even the establishments of Milan and others, a response was at once made to the call, and public patronage awarded as a matter almost of right. The country has long waited in the same way for a French stage in our Metropolis—an *opera comique* equalling its leading Parisian prototype. The requisition was no light one. France loves its actors too well to part with them, and Gallic munificence almost equals that of England; yet the best talent must be had, or Englishmen will have nothing to do with the importation. But even were our Continental neighbours inclined to let us form a complete company from the body of their *artistes*, there must needs still exist great difficulty in finding a sufficient number of those best gifted, for they are scarce. The constituent elements of a performer in the peculiar departments of the *opera comique* are duplex, as he must combine excellence both as an actor and as a singer; there are certain defects in the grand opera which may be slurred over and ingeniously concealed by the trickeries of recitative and the brilliancy of the orchestral accompaniments, but the *opera comique* possesses no such advantages; a stain on a robe of purple may be kept from view by the addition of ornaments, while the slightest speck on a mantle of white is too fatally conspicuous not to be seen. Of the primary importance of acting we have already spoken: the individuality of character must be sustained, and the dialogue as well delivered as in pure comedy, for no art in singing can save, as in this country, the actor who is unable to impersonate the part he has taken from universal condemnation. Yet the music requires the best qualifications of the singer also, for it comprises concerted pieces, choruses, and all the requirements of grand opera, with the single exception of recitative; the music may be of a lighter character, yet of an infinitely higher class to the opera of our own land.

For more than a quarter of a century have our managers been on the look out for talent such as we have described, and the necessary adjuncts for the formation of an *opera comique*. They have been expected and prayed for by the public, and almost demanded by those whose avocations preclude them from quitting the island in search of Continental amusements. At length the great national task has been achieved by Mr. Mitchell, who has contrived to collect in London the best company to be found out of Paris; and if his selection of operas be not remarkable for novelty we must at all events give him the credit of placing before us the best in existence. Time will come, we hope, when the French dramatists will, like the Italian composers, write expressly for this country, and keep up a tide of emulation on both sides the Channel. The orchestra is excellent, and the chorus good, although the latter would bear strengthening.

Of the entertainments during the month we will now speak a word. The *Maitre de Chapelle*, the *Domine Noir*, and *L'Ambassadrice* have all been repeated. Also Boieldieu's celebrated opera of *La Dame Blanche*, which was performed in its integrity for the first time in this country in the presence of Her Majesty, Prince Albert, and an otherwise distinguished audience. Mutilated copies have been given at both Drury Lane and Covent Garden; but in the St. James's Mr. Mitchell gave us the original with all its intrinsic merits unimpaired. The *Dame Blanche* and *Jean de Paris* are the only operas by Boieldieu which have been attempted on the English stage. The latter still maintains its place amid the comediettas of the Haymarket, where the drolleries of Pedrigo Potts always prove attractive. Of the former we spoke at considerable length in our last; we shall therefore proceed to the chief novelty of the month, which was the production, for the first time in England, of Auber's *Zanetta*; or, *Jouer avec le Feu*: on which occasion the royal box was again honoured by the august presence of her Majesty and consort.

We cannot assign a place to the opera of *Zanetta* amongst the most brilliant of Auber's works; it nevertheless possesses a peculiar vein of melody, and a brilliancy of instrumentation, that by no means deteriorates from his well-earned fame as a first-rate composer for the lyrical drama. We fear Auber does not give himself time to reduce his ideas into that distinctive form which so signally impresses upon the memory every air in his *Le Domino Noir*, *Fra Diavolo*, *Les Diamans de la Couronne*, and his most magnificent work *La Muette de Portici*; and that he is beginning to find an ornamental flourish less troublesome to score than one of those salient melodies which seize upon the ear, and cling to the recollection in after times, and are summoned to the very heart by the different interesting occurrences of life. There are no inspirations; and, in fine, it rather resembles the style of Auber than is his *per se*. Occasionally he indulges in the olden spirit, and gives us an infinity of charming subjects, agreeably though not elaborately worked out, and we have some pleasant rhythmical contrivances and fanciful moments of orchestration, which meander delightfully through the various divisions of the score. The drama itself is admirably constructed, the characters well defined, and the situations skilfully presented. The practised M. Georges and the second and ingenious Scribe have united their powers in its production. The piece was admirably appointed, excellently acted, and delightfully sung.

DRURY LANE.

The charming performances under the management of Mr. Dejean are, we regret to find, about to close. In literal parlance they will "go into the middle of next month," and then be withdrawn until next season. The public will be gratified to learn that the undertaking has met with a fair proportion of success. It was not, of course, to be expected that the same numbers would throng the walls of a large establishment to witness entertainments intended only for the eye as are looked for at representations of which the expenses are ten-fold; but the very difference in the cost allows a profit to accrue with very diminished audiences, and we can well understand how the Franconi troupe have reaped a benefit with not the most overflowing houses. The performances have been varied, and much improved of late, and all the best doings of the season repeated with increased attractions. Caroline sails through the air as sylph-like as ever, and the two Lassots improve nightly. A beautiful *divertissement*, entitled *The Fête of Flowers*, has been introduced with admirable effect, and a *pas grotesque* of gigantic heads on horseback creates an unbounded degree of mirth. With regard to the twenty-five vaulters who nightly compete in a leaping match, we should like to be authentically informed whether their muscles are composed of the usual substance or of india-rubber. If the latter, the secret of their elasticity is solved; if the former, we can account for their suppleness of joint on no other ground than that they are human grasshoppers. Morning performances have been given during the Wednesdays and Fridays of the past month; and on Friday last a grand juvenile *fête* took place, attended by the boys and girls of the Licensed Victuallers' School, by permission of their patrons. The scene was a truly national one, and we honour the complimentary taste in which it was produced. It is needless to say that the house was thronged, and that the exhibition went off with the most rapturous applause. We had almost omitted to mention the engagement of M. Bono, whose name is expressive of his performances, which are *bono* in the legitimate sense of the word. He treads upon hemp with the most lofty indifference, and surpasses the best performer of the kind within our recollection.

Her Majesty and Prince Albert, accompanied by their suite, honoured the theatre with their presence on Saturday evening, and appeared much delighted with the entertainment. In the course of the week a morning performance will be given to the Blue-coat Boys of Christ's Hospital.

OLYMPIC.

Few houses have appeared to be more an especial pet with managers than this; and within the walls of none have greater efforts been made towards the insurance of success. We can remember when Elliston, by the production of such pieces as *Rochester* and others, drew crowded audiences nightly. After him came Frampton, with equal success. Then succeeded the ever-memorable reign of Madame Vestris, and lastly the present management has stepped in to renew the prosperity of old. The last month has been a busy one in the way of novelty, and some hits have been made with telling effect upon the treasury. The chief of these have been the production of a classical drama from the

pen of John Oxenford, and the revival of *Monsieur Jacques*, for the purpose of introducing Mr. Benjamin Barnett, the brother of the author, in the character of the enfeebled yet impassioned Frenchman, the impersonation of which some years ago by Mr. Morris Barnett occasioned a *furor* throughout the land that is likely to be renewed in favour of his brother.

The new piece was quite successful. It is entitled *The Hemlock Draught*, and is a translation from a little piece that has excited much admiration in Paris. Mr. Oxenford has executed his task with much skill and ingenuity. The plot turns upon the freak of Clinias (Mr. Leigh Murray), a young Epicurean, steeped to the lips in the vortex of pleasure, who resolves to get rid of his consequent satiety and *ennui* by swallowing a draught of the poisonous hemlock, the effects of which are always fatal. To give piquancy to his death, he bequeaths his wealth to whichever of two friends (Paris and Cleon, sustained by Messrs. Norton and Kinloch) can win the affections of his beautiful slave, Hippolita (Mrs. Stirling). This naturally produces a bitter enmity between the pair, who, to the gratification of Clinias, rail at each other in the presence of their mistress. Hippolita views both with aversion and contempt, and Clinias, perceiving that neither will become his heir, gives freedom to his beautiful slave, and then calls for the poisoned chalice, being still resolved to carry out his former intention. As he places the golden goblet to his lips, Hippolita dashes it from his hands, and confesses to him that he is beloved by her; this evidence that he has created a virtuous passion, convinces him that there is something worth living for, and he offers his hand. The piece reaped the success due to its literary merits, and the acting throughout justified the loud applause it elicited. Mr. Murray and Mrs. Stirling were both called before the curtain at the close, and we doubt not of the drama having a long run. The scenery and dresses are exquisite. The chief attraction of the month, however, has been the reproduction of Morris Barnett's inimitable interlude of *Monsieur Jacques*, for the purpose of introducing his brother, Mr. Benjamin Barnett, to the stage, in the character which won such deathless laurels for its original supporter, the author. Never was success more decided. The chief *litterati* in London were present, and their *flat* was unanimous in favour of the *débütant*, whose efforts elicited the triple tribute of smiles, tears, and hearty applause. The mantle of his brother has evidently fallen upon him, and he wore it becomingly. At the fall of the curtain he was called for from all quarters of the house, and retired amid reiterated plaudits. Last week he gave token of the versatility of his talents by essaying the mercurial part of Millefleurs, in Charles Dance's farce of *The Station House*, and in which he was equally successful. He was dressed to perfection, and sung, danced, and jabbered broken English with an *esprit* that convinced us the stage had gained an acquisition. A polka danced with a chair was inimitably executed, and elicited for him an *encore*. We never saw the effect tried before, and anything more original or more laughable we have not witnessed for some time. Every movement was ripe of the Wal-halla, and it required some little stretch of attention to discover that his partner was not actually one of flesh and blood. The house has been crammed nightly.

SURREY.

What the Adelphi Theatre ought to be the Surrey is; novelty is its watchword and excellence its aim. In the beginning of the month we had a new piece, entitled *The Bivouac of the Hills*, by C. S. Lancaster, of a more than ordinary degree of merit, and which was produced with an effect redounding the highest credit upon the management. The plot is simple; a quarrel occurs between two lovers, and the gentleman gets into trouble, and is condemned to die for a breach of military discipline. The lady, as usual, relents, and exerts herself to save him. This she accomplishes by firing a beacon at the moment of his being led to execution, and bringing a party to his rescue. The piece met with much approbation, and the acting of Miss Vincent as the heroine, Mariette, and Mr. Emery as an old soldier, aided considerably in carrying it through. The great feature of the month has been the production of Charles Webb's new piece of *Glendwyf of Snowden; or, The Rock of Death*. It will be recollected that this gentleman was the author of *The Secretary*, which was the opening piece of the season. The merits of the piece are of the first order. The incidents, though complicated, abound in interest, and the characters are all admirably sketched. One chain of interest stretches from beginning to end, and there are portions to which we listen with breathless interest. The plot is one of the best that we have seen for years on the Surrey side of the water, and would, we are convinced, possess an interest in the closet as well as on the stage. The scene is laid at the foot of Mount Snowden, in Wales, where Eva (Miss Vincent), the daughter of a

wealthy farmer, named Owen Glendwyr (Mr. Lyon), has united herself in secret to Dwyer Wyllyams, the son of Sir Gryffyth, "of that ilk" (Mr. Neville), who, being a retired admiral, has too much pride to knowingly permit a farmer's daughter to enter his family. A child is the fruit of the union, and this is put at nurse by the sister of its father, Mildred Wyllyams (admirably acted by Madlle. Ponisi), who pays it frequent visits, in company with Colonel Beaumaris (Mr. Shepherd). The piece opens with a highly-wrought representation of the festivities at a harvest-home, in which Eva has been elected the Harvest Queen. Incited by her feelings on the occasion, she urges her husband, who is present, to publicly avow their marriage; but the young man, though he dare not acknowledge the fact to his wife, is withheld from compliance on account of the cruel position in which he finds himself placed by a Madame Beauvillier (Mrs. Moreton Brookes), with whom in early youth he had contracted a marriage in Paris, and who now, although he had supposed her dead, suddenly confronts him, and demands to be publicly reinstated as his wife. His non-compliance has the effect of making her denounce Eva as his mistress, and also of circulating the report that Eva's child is the illicit offspring of Eva and Beaumaris. The slander is indignantly refuted by the colonel, and the act closes amid the confusion incidental to the breaking up of the feast. In the second act it is discovered, by means of the French *intriguante*, that the child belongs to Eva, whose father overwhelms her with his grief and rage, in spite of which she still preserves her husband's secret. This scene afforded scope for some very fine acting. The honest farmer, stung at a point where he is most keenly sensitive, dismisses his domestics; gives to his daughter her mother's portion, and then demands, before they part for ever, the name of her supposed seducer. On her reiterated refusal, he is about to stab the child with a knife, when Dwyer rushes on and averts the blow. The wretched Eva supplicates him to clear her fame, but before he has time to speak, the Admiral enters to upbraid him with his former marriage. Eva stays to hear no more; she snatches up her child, and flies distractedly to the mountains. In the next scene it is discovered that Madame Beauvillier has another husband living, and that her real name is Isabella Pommier, her assumed name being that of a former mistress, whom she had poisoned on a voyage from Martinique. An instant pursuit is made, and we are introduced to the last scene, the Rock of Death. Here Isabella commits suicide by flinging herself from the pinnacle of Snowden; and Eva, who has been tracked and discovered unhurt, is restored to the arms of her husband, who proudly announces his now legitimate claim; and the curtain falls on the happiness of all parties. Of the acting of Mr. Shepherd in Colonel Beaumaris, and Miss Vincent in Eva, no language can speak too highly. The first evinced a discrimination of character, and a mastery of talent, that nothing in a similar way could surpass; while the latter displayed both pathos and energy. Justice compels us also to speak in the highest terms of Messrs. Emery, Neville, Lyon, and Raymond, and of Mrs. Moreton Brookes and Madame Ponisi. The scenery and other appointments were all on the same complete and sumptuous scale which has so highly distinguished the present management, and our conviction is that this extremely meritorious drama is destined to a career of considerable length. All the principal performers were called on at the close of the curtain, and on their appearance they were received with those unequivocal marks of approbation which not only testified to the excellence of the drama, but the talents of the performers. The houses have been favourable throughout the month.

MARYLEBONE.

All hail to the Marylebone! it has not only sustained its position throughout the month, but elevated it in public favour. Mrs. Mowatt and Mr. Davenport, the two stars who at present form its chief attraction, have been tested in some of the best productions of the histrionic muse, and proved invariably successful. Amidst these may be reckoned *The Stranger*, *The Honeymoon*, *Hamlet*, and all the leading features of the royal entertainments at Windsor Castle. These have been put upon the stage with all that careful attention, consummate taste, and regardlessness of outlay, to which the proprietor is indebted for the high degree of patronage he enjoys. The history of the drama does not present us with an instance of a more successful regeneration of the character of an establishment than has been displayed at the Marylebone Theatre under the last two managements. Indifferent performances, with inferior appointments, were the characteristics of its commencing career, now the works of our best dramatists have superseded the fustian of melodrama; legitimate histrionic talent has occupied the sphere of rant and

buffoonery, while the *costumier* and artist afford their best aid in completing the *ensemble*. The system of management is also diversified with admirable tact; the past month has been principally occupied by judicious revivals; next month is, we understand, to be devoted to novelty. Nor has the one recently elapsed been without it, for one novelty has been produced that has gone triumphantly right through the month. We allude to a laughable farce, entitled *Isn't it a Duck?* The question belongs to ornithology; we shall not, therefore, by a betrayal of the secrets of the extravaganza forestall the amount of information which the spectator will receive by witnessing it. Suffice it to say, that Mr. George Cooke, as Marmaduke Macaroon, is induced by Simon Skate (Mr. Herbert) to give no less a sum than seventy pounds for a duck. Why or wherefore belongs to the mystery which we decline to reveal. Furthermore, Mr. Skate becomes in consequence suspected as a highwayman, and elopes to avoid unpleasant results. The turn of fortune makes him a rich man, and his own sweetheart, Molly Muscle (most admirably played by Miss Saunders) applies to him for the situation of housekeeper. How the honest fellow determines upon making her his wife; how Macaroon appears and threatens to overturn their happiness; how matters are eventually brought to an amicable conclusion, we shall likewise preserve in our own bosom. Had any officious friend forestalled our enjoyment, by relating what we were to see and hear, we should have visited the interference with anything but expressions of gratitude. We shall not, therefore, incur the risk of giving that offence to our readers which we should have highly resented if offered to ourselves. Be it sufficient that a more humorous production we never listened to; and if any of our readers be afflicted with hypochondria our best advice is to go and witness *Isn't it a Duck?*

Since the above, several popular revivals have been produced with great effect, Mrs. Mowatt and Mr. Davenport sustaining the principal characters. We have also been presented with the *Lucia di Lammermoor*, Planche's *Faint Heart never won Fair Lady*, and Douglas Jerrold's *Rent Day*—all of which went off admirably, and drew crowded houses. On Monday last Mr. Watts, the spirited lessee, produced a piece of his own composition, entitled the *The Dream of Life*. A notice will be given in our next.

ASTLEY'S.

The announcement of a new piece again induced us to visit the amphitheatre of Lambeth, in hopes of witnessing something less deserving of the strictures we felt compelled to make in our last concerning that establishment; but truth must be spoken, dramatic talent at Astley's appears to have been placed *hors de combat*, and it seems as useless to expect anything on the boards of that theatre in the shape of novelty or good writing, as it would be to anticipate the advent of a Shakspeare at Bartholomew-fair. The new spectacle is entitled *Corasco; or, The Warrior's Steed*; and appears to have been collected from the California of Sheridan, whose translation of *Pizarro* has been laid under ample contribution. Corasco, the hero (Mr. Fredericks), who is a Flacalan warrior, runs away with Solma, a virgin of the sun, who is appointed to watch the sacred fire in the Temple. The Peruvians naturally rise to resent the sacrilege, and secure the lady who has broken her vows. The lover, however, escapes; turns traitor to his country by leading the Spaniards against the aborigines of the land; and closes the scene with the usual incident of saving his mistress as she is being led to the stake, and getting himself declared Inca in place of the reigning monarch. Thus we have the same thing to which we have been accustomed for season after season, and we suppose we shall continue to be supplied with such until an empty treasury teaches the management better things. We traced a little improvement in the scenery, and the dresses are new, which is all we can say in favour of the spectacle, save that Mr. Fredericks acted with a spirit deserving of a better outlet for its display. Last week a highly-objectable exhibition took place in the person of a dancing highlander with a wooden leg. He is stated in the bills to be the capturer of McCabe, and a deserving soldier of the Cabul and Afghanistan campaigns, in one of which he lost his left leg; if so, Mr. Falahaa—for so is he named—deserves the best offices of Government and the country, but it is clearly outraging all decency thus to thrust a fellow-creature before an audience to exhibit movements and contortions which, however painless to himself, must produce most painful emotions to the beholders. The mimic representation of suffering is allowable as well as useful; but to see it actually before our eyes demands the interference of every lover of decency. We do not see such things at Franconi's, and we trust that Mr. Falahaa will in future have the good sense to seek public reward from more legitimate resources.

THE WEDNESDAY CONCERTS.

It is pretended the English are not a musical people. We will not pause to argue the question, but simply refer those who are of that opinion to the condition of Exeter Hall on the nights of the above concerts, when they will find that the place is crammed with thousands. The fact is, that our countrymen like the really excellent as well as the people of other nations; but if a species of second-rate music be palmed off as first-rate, they naturally stay away. In the progress of the Wednesday Evening Concerts, Mr. Stammers has, however, proved that genuine national song of any country is sure to attract; and we cannot award our praise too highly to that gentleman for the manner in which he has fulfilled his part as *entrepreneur*. On each succeeding night, the entertainments have been more varied and attractive, and as the series approached its close, it seemed emulous also of reaching perfection. The selections have invariably consisted of a mixture of grand operatic music and simple ballads; thus giving the vocalists an opportunity of gratifying all classes. New engagements have been formed almost every Wednesday, and the best musical talent available secured. The engagement with Miss Lucombe has proved one of infinite importance; whilst the surpassing merits of Sims Reeves have assisted to give the series a weight in public estimation it might otherwise have wanted. To give a categorical account of the entire performances of the month would be to encroach too largely upon our limits; we must consequently confine ourselves to a general survey of the whole, which has commanded the services of our best songsters and instrumentalists. Braham the elder has proved himself a feature. The veteran may not sing with his former powers, but he still possesses voice sufficient to gratify his ancient admirers, and the enthusiasm with which he continues to be received does honour not only to his own talents, but to the fostering spirit of the public. Not a Wednesday elapses without his being called upon for "The Bay of Biscay, O!" and his compliance is always succeeded by loud cheers, with the waving of hats and handkerchiefs. The best things of the early part of the month have been, "Ah, why do we love?" and "Calm those angry looks, my father," by the Misses Williams; "Sweet were those hours of infancy," and "Black-eyed Susan," by Sims Reeves; "Tell me, my heart," and Auber's beautiful ballad, "The Breeze," by Miss Lucombe; and fantasias on the cornet and piano by Harper and Thalberg. The eleventh was a grand night, of which we can only furnish a transcript of the programme. It commenced with Haydn's *sinfonia* of "The Surprise," followed by selections from Bishop's opera of *Clari*. "Little Love is a mischievous boy," by Mrs. A. Newton, elicited an encore; as did the charming ballad of "Home, sweet home," by Miss A. Williams. A fantasia from the *Martina* of Wallace, by Miss Ellen Day, was successful; and the "Oh! Albion," of Mr. Braham and Mr. Sims Reeves had an electrical effect. Rossini's overture to *The Siege of Corinth*, and Mendelssohn's *Midsummer Night's Dream* were both admirably played, as was the "Huntsman's Chorus," by Mr. Carte, on Boehm's patent metallic flute. Braham then elicited another re-demand, by his execution of "When William Tell was doomed;" and Mr. Sims Reeves, in Croft's "My beautiful, my own," and Moore's "Last Rose of Summer," made such a display of his rich *resonant* tones, that the entire hall rung with acclamations. Wednesday last was the grandest night of all. It was Ash-Wednesday, and the selection consisted of sacred music as well as profane. It commenced with Dante's *Count Ugolino*, wedded to the strains of Rossini's *Stabat Mater*. The experiment was a new one, and perfectly succeeded. All the principals co-operated to give it effect, and several portions were encored, particularly the *Cujus Animam*, by Mr. Sims Reeves; and the *Fac ut Portem* of Miss Poole—her *crescendo* passage at the close was magnificent. Mendelssohn's concerto in G minor, by Miss Kate Loder on the grand pianoforte followed, and was tolerably successful. Mr. Charles Braham then made his appearance, and rendered "Lord, remember David," with a sweetness and power that at once proved his value as a concert singer. "The Bird in Bondage," by Mrs. A. Newton, did not please us. It is a poor composition. Weber's overture to *Euryanthe* closed the first part, amid much applause. A new overture, by E. Perry, opened the second part; but it was a decided failure. Braham's far-famed "Mild as the moonbeams," charmingly sung by the Misses Lucombe, Poole, Wells, and the composer himself, furnished, however, ample atonement. Flotow's romance of "My boyhood's home," was then exquisitely rendered by Braham the younger, and met with a re-demand. Mrs. Weiss next sung with, we thought, much false taste, "I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls," but this was compensated by Lavenue's successful serenade of "Meet me dearest," which Mr. Sims Reeves has placed upon the roll of favouritism by the admirable manner in which he sings it. After this came a novelty from which much was expected—namely, a translation from the German,

by John Oxenford, entitled "The Fish of the Rhine," composed expressly for Miss Lucombe, by Angelina, whose "Solitude" created so much sensation at Drury Lane when performed by Herr Kœnig on the cornet-à-piston. The peculiarity of the song is, that it comprises a double action—one for the voice and the other for the accompaniments: the first expressive of the address of a forlorn maiden to the fish of the Rhine, and the other descriptive of the movements of the fish and the water. Unfortunately, however, the pianist, with a heedlessness that was ill-judged, considering it was the first night of the song, had omitted to bring his score; and the consequence was that he became embarrassed in the most important part of the double melody, and, as a natural consequence, distressed Miss Lucombe to such a degree as to mar partially the effect of her singing. The intrinsic beauty of the composition certainly elicited a burst of rapturous applause; but a production of inferior claims would have been irretrievably ruined by such an event, and we cannot too strongly express our sense of the occurrence, as it precluded us from enjoying one of the sweetest emanations of the lyric muse to which we have listened for some time. "Live and let live," by Braham, followed; after which Arne's "Pray Goody," by Miss Poole, was rapturously *encored*. "In infancy our hopes and fears," by the two Brahams, occasioned another ebullition of delight, and Miss Nelson's "Are you angry, mother?" an *encore*. "I love thee from my heart," by Braham, ensued, as did Dibdin's "Blow high, blow low," by Leffler. Mr. Charles Braham then sang "My heart with love is beating," and Mrs. Newton a Swedish ballad, which attracted but little attention. The evening terminated with Bishop's "O, how sweet the day," rendered by Miss Wells, Mrs. Weiss, Mr. T. Williams, and Mr. Leffler.

Such has been the success of these concerts that five supplementary nights are to be added when the series of fifteen is complete.

Mr. Stammers has been successful in securing the services of the great tenor, Mr. Sims Reeves; that gentleman having resisted the overtures made to him of an engagement as first tenor at the Royal Italiens, in Paris. We commend most cordially the adoption of this course by the distinguished vocalist of whom we speak, as it is not only a tribute due to those who have fostered him in his own land, but a piece of sound policy with regard to his own interest, which would suffer materially were he to withdraw to another land just as he is arriving at his zenith in this.

HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS.

MADAME DULCKEN'S CONCERT.

This concert came off on Tuesday, the 20th, and exhibited another proof of the ill effect of issuing more tickets than the room can possibly contain, and which has the unartistical result of thus nullifying the gratification sought by those who attend. All this arises from that grasping spirit which never will be satisfied with sufficient, but craves for more; and we verily believe that if Hyde-park were taken for a concert *some* concert givers would be for cramming Ken-ington-gardens also. A striking instance of the lengths into which this spirit will hurry our caterers for public entertainment occurred with reference to the concert of which we are speaking. It is known that Mademoiselle Jenny Lind had expressed her determination to sing no more in London previous to the opera season, but the solicitations of Madame Dulcken were so strongly enforced that she reluctantly yielded, and the members of the *haut ton* were instantly informed of their intended treat. A general rush for tickets was the consequence; but instead of being pleased with this success, it appears that the fair conductress of the concert felt only compunction at not having engaged Exeter Hall instead of the more suitable room at Hanover-square, and that she actually had the hardihood to propose a change of *locale* to the generous Nightingale, who, it is reported, was so stung with such a display of cupidity, that, in the native ardour of her warmth, she took the arm of the pianiste with no very gentle hold, and exclaimed, "This is too bad; you care not how you would make me over-exert myself; you have no love for your art; no consideration for the *artiste*; no thought that a space may be too large; but gold, gold, gold is all you think of or care for!" We give the *on dit* as we received it from an authentic source; and have great pleasure in recording such an additional proof to the many existing of the almost superhuman disinterestedness by which the character of Jenny Lind is distinguished.

With reference to the concert itself we have little more to say than that our chief gratification was marred by the evils we have reprobated. There was not even a vacant spot in the orchestra or the ante-room, and a sense of suffocation pervaded us through-

out the concert. We must do Madame Dulcken the justice to say that she had provided a most attractive selection. She played four times, and obtained a moderate amount of applause. Her best performance was Mendelssohn's second pianoforte concerto in D minor, confessedly one of the finest compositions the piano can boast. The band was led by M. Tolbecque, and conducted by Balfe; an effect was consequently produced in the performance of the evening which we can seldom hope to find equalled. Jenny Lind was, as usual, unrivalled in her greatness. Her commencing piece was "With verdure clad," from Haydn's *Creation*, and which she rendered with all that devotional simplicity which indeed entitles her strains to the appellation of "seraphic." Her next was the "Ach ich fühl es ist verschwunden," from Mozart's *Zauberflöte*, and in which she even surpassed her execution of its predecessor. She rendered it in English, and produced an amount of enthusiasm exceeding any exhibition of the kind within the walls of the Hanover Rooms. The last piece was "The Lonely Rose" of Balfe. We have before expressed our opinion of that composition, and need not here repeat it. Her sustained pianissimo shake at the close occasioned an *encore* by acclamation, which she complied with, and rendered more effectively than ever. A fantasia for the violin by M. Sainton, on Lindpaintner's "Standard Bearer," was the instrumental performance of the evening most worthy of notice, and commanded loud and unanimous applause. Two duets, "The Swiss Maidens," of Holmes, and "The Vision," by Mendelssohn, were interpreted with great sweetness by the Misses Williams; and Signor Belletti sang, with admirable effect, the "Ecco il Peggio" of Donizetti, from the *Gemma di Vergy*. The *duo buffo* "D'un bel uso," was likewise sung by that vocalist and Signor F. Lablache with rich humour and volubility. The overtures to Weber's *Oberon*, and Balfe's *Geraldine*, also elicited much applause; and the whole evening passed off as brilliantly as the injudicious crowding of the rooms would admit.

BURFORD'S PANORAMA.

We are given to understand that the unequalled pencil of Mr. Burford is again at work, in the preparation of a new painting that is to surpass most of his former efforts; we would therefore advise those who have not yet visited his vivid delineation of Paris during the Revolution, his masterly representation of Vienna, or his last grand and graphic picture of the Ruins of Pompeii, to take time by the forelock, and visit the Panorama while they have yet the opportunity: we were there ourselves the other day, and found the place crowded.

POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.

We should fancy something very extraordinary to be the matter did the month pass without the introduction at this establishment of something new. Unvarying in its purpose of enlightening the human mind, it varies the means throughout the year, and thus constantly preserves the charm which variety is sure to bring.

The last introductions which have signalled the place have been a lecture on domestic chemistry by Dr. Ryan, and a lecture on magic and legerdemain by Mr. Shaw. The first was distinguished by the luminosity and clearness for which Professor Ryan is so remarkable, and exposed to us the dangers of the confection and of the pot. The second, while diverting in the extreme, filled the mind with wonder. Had the lecturer made the same display of art without his explanations under the olden Babylonian dynasty, he would have been worshipped as an idol; had he done so during the middle ages he would have been burnt as a wizard; but now he forces us to view him as an apostle of science, whose mission it is to reveal the hidden secrets of nature and of art, and to show that *everything* hitherto considered supernatural is perfectly possible and perfectly natural. It is, in fact, the demonstrative philosophy of metaphysics. Nor does Mr. Shaw leave us in the dark respecting the *modus operandi* of magic and conjuring; for no sooner does he puzzle our senses by the exhibition of some astonishing trick than he reveals the whole of its mysteries, and explains how it has been performed. This will cut up the trade of conjurers; but it will enlighten the ignorant, and do more towards the banishment of superstition than fifty sermons or a hundred philosophical essays. The numerous audience expressed its delight by loud and repeated plaudits. The diving-bell and other features of the exhibition were as attractive as ever.

THE CASINOS.

We had thought that the intolerance of the "Georgian Era," respecting the amusements of the people, had been abandoned to join the oppression of past ages; but in this we were mistaken. The hand of petty tyranny is still outstretched; ignorance yet holds her alliance with bigotry, and we discover, to our mortification, that our rulers of the nineteenth century are just as prejudiced as ever they were. Fortunately, there is a spirit abroad amongst the people that paralyses these efforts when sufficiently obtruded upon public notice; but it requires the constant vigilance of the press to make people acquainted with their own wrongs, and for this reason we are forced to give our incessant attention to subjects with which we would rather see our fellow-countrymen deal themselves. The subject that has originated these remarks is the crusade now being carried on against the Casinos; a pack of dirty informers have taken advantage of the clauses of some obsolete statute to lay informations against the respectable proprietors of the three establishments bearing the above designation; and unless the magistracy be properly warned in time there is a chance that the usage of modern civilisation may be made to bow before the legal enactments of a bye-gone age, and the good people of London be deprived of a recreation as wholesome as it is innocent, and as delightful as it is free from the censures of true morality. Dancing in the early ages was a devotional exercise, and in the present day those who indulge in it are always remarkable for their freedom from those ascetic humours which poison the happiness of society. But what, in the sacred name of nature, and of nature's deity, are men to do if cut off from the only recreation of the sort? The extension of building so necessary to meet the requirements of a large population has swallowed up every open spot in the Metropolis. Our butts at Newington; our jousting-grounds at Smithfield, and our gardenized roads in the outskirts are now entirely engrossed by bricks and mortar; what, then, we repeat, are our men of business pent up all day behind the counter or in the counting-house to do for exercise? The public dancing-rooms are the only retreats of the peculiar description under notice to which they can fly; and yet, forsooth, because the enactments of gloomy bigots pronounced dancing an abomination, men are to be compelled to slink from the toil of business to the quietude of a dull home, which might be rendered a Paradise were the mind afforded a reaction prior to seeking a second seclusion after wasting the hours of an entire day in the first. We denounce the attempt as an outrage upon humanity. Why should a man be debarred from meeting his fellow-citizens in public places where decorum is secured by their openness to the inspection of all who are concerned in the preservation of decency? His daily avocations shut him from all connections, and if he may not in the hours of relaxation seek them abroad, good-bye to even the semblance of freedom in this country.

But is it to be expected that the closing of the Casinos will do away with the recreation of dancing, or of meetings between the sexes for its enjoyment? Certainly not. The old secret retreats will again be revived; the saloons and night-houses again flourish, and the vices which the publicity of such places as Laurent's, the Walhalla, and the *Salon de Venise*, have a tendency to repress, will once more rear their heads, and render each dancing-room a plague-spot of infection. We hope, however, that better things are in store. The public voice has declared itself in favour of Casinos; the managers of those places have determined to make a stand against the threatened oppression, and we trust in our next we shall have to record the complete triumph of right over might, and good sense over stupidity. In the meantime we would advise all lovers of good music and joyous excitement, within proper bounds, to pay an evening visit to the Terpsichorean halls before mentioned; and which are all so admirably conducted, even in the teeth of oppression, that locality alone need regulate the choice of visitors, who need only consider whether they reside nearest the Lowther Arcade, Holborn, or Leicester-square. We are happy to add that all three are thronged nightly.

OUR MUSICAL REVIEW.

Parnassus is surely mad; or, to employ a more correct figure, must be in a state of violent eruption, for the stream of Helicon has boiled over, and is rushing down the hill a cataract. We are literally inundated with new musical productions, and have occupied more than a week in testing their merits at the instrument; but, alas! so few proved to be worthy of recommendation that the task of dispraise became too irksome to continue, and we were at length compelled to condemn all the unworthy in a batch. Though we are ever ready to lend a helping hand to merit, we must decline swelling our pages with a notice of what is totally unworthy for the mere gratification of presumptuous vanity.

ADDISON AND CO.

PIANO-FORTE TUTOR. Benedict.—A really good instructor for the pianoforte has long been wanted to supersede the myriads of small pretenders which infest the music-shops. In the valuable work before us Mr. Benedict has supplied the desideratum, and presented us with a volume that at once meets all the requisitions of the learner. It is dedicated by permission to Prince Albert, which circumstance is in itself a guarantee for excellence, as his royal highness is known to possess a cultivated taste, besides possessing great practical abilities as a musician. The work opens with the usual rudiments of music, and concise instruction for the position of the body and hands when seated at the instrument. This is followed by a series of the simplest possible lessons for the pupil, with a bass part for the master, to ground the student well in keeping time. Several of these lessons are written on an original plan, containing only five notes for the pupil to play; consequently the position of the hand remains unchanged, but the fingers are held down firmly on four of the notes, while only one is struck, than which nothing could be better adapted for strengthening the fingers. Several lessons are then given for the pupil alone. Duets from the classical masters, and the scales major and minor, all fingered, follow in due succession; some being in unison—others in tenths, by way of exercise for both hands; some likewise are in contrary motion, with the treble ascending as the bass descends. After this the chromatic scale is given with observations, and fingered in two different ways, with exercises in thirds, fifths, and octaves. Chords and appoggios are next noticed, with lessons and examples, and the work concludes with an explanation of everything necessary for the learner. No pupil should be without the work, no master teach from any other text. Mr. Benedict's fame stands on a very high eminence, and we are bound to pronounce his "Piano-forte Tutor" in every respect worthy of his name and abilities.

W. ALLCROFT.

THE EVERGREEN POLKA. Composed by J. G. Callcott.—This is an agreeable member of the family of the Polkas, now so numerous that we hardly know where to fix a choice. It is not, perhaps, quite so effective as the "Elfin" and "Annette" Polkas, by the same celebrated composer, but is nevertheless well calculated to give due animation to the trippings of the "light fantastic toe." The opening passage, however, recurs too often, and is dwelt upon too much at length.

C. JEFFREYS.

SONGS OF THE FOREST. No. 3.—"The Gipsy Girl," a True Story. Words by Charles Jeffreys. Music by Stephen Glover.—The music of this pretty song is in G 3-4 time, but candour obliges us to say that the composer has carried out to the letter the simile of Sheridan, and like a gipsy, has disfigured the child of another person to pass it off as his own. He must surely have been dreaming of Bayley's "We Met," when he wrote the melody before us, which, apart from being a plagiarism, is nothing near so effective as his usual works. The words are interesting, and are founded upon the following interesting and singular fact:—"A lady of rank and fortune, who happened to have no children, had taken so great a liking to a beautiful little gipsy girl, that she took her home, had her educated, and at length adopted her as a daughter. She was called Charlotte Stanley, received the education of a young English lady of rank, and grew up to be a beautiful, well-informed, and accomplished girl. In the course of time a young man of good family became attached to her, and wished to marry her. The nearer, however, this

plan approached the period of its execution, the more melancholy became the young Hindostanee bride, and one day, to the terror of her foster-mother and her betrothed husband, she was found to have disappeared. It was known there had been gipsies in the neighbourhood, a search was set on foot, and Charlotte Stanley was discovered in the arms of a gipsy, the chief of the band. She declared she was his wife, and no one had a right to take her away from him, and the benefactress and bridegroom returned inconsolable. Charlotte afterwards came to visit them, and told how, as she grew up, she had felt more and more confined within the walls of the castle, and an irresistible longing had at length seized her to return to her wild gipsy life; nor could she, although suffering many cruelties from her gipsy husband, ever be induced to abandon the roving life to which she had returned. I saw the portrait of Charlotte Stanley, which was preserved by the friend of her youth. Her story is a kind of inversion to that of 'Preciosa,' and might make an interesting romance."—*Kohl's "England."*

THE SONG OF CHARLOTTE STANLEY—"A MERRY GIPSEY GIRL AGAIN."—Words by Charles Jefferys. Music by Charles W. Glover.

This is a companion song to the one just noticed, and is supposed to be the strains of the heroine of the foregoing story on the attainment of her freedom. It is in E flat. The melody is light and pleasing, and is characteristic of the theme. The modulations are not particularly new, but the effect is agreeable. The words are suitable to the air. On the title-page is a frontispiece, representing the veritable young lady herself; she does not come up to our notions of beauty, but, in the name of proportion, why did the artist give her an arm long enough to enable her to buckle her shoe without the trouble of stooping?

LEE AND COXHEAD.

THE OLD HOUSE AND THE OLD TREE. (Lays of the Foresters.) Words by Fanny E. Lacy. Music by G. Barker.—These are pretty words to a familiar theme, and another instance of the fondness of all song-writers for the subject of "Auld lang syne." We never care, however, how old may be a thought if it be newly treated; and in this instance the gifted authoress of the words has imparted to them all the freshness of originality; but the licence does not apply to *music*, which ought to be fresh as the Castalian fount itself to be palatable. In this instance we cannot say that the composer has observed the rule; for the composition before us not only resembles a previous composition by the same composer, but one also as old as the hills. Let Mr. Barker turn to his own "Fleur de Marie" to confirm our remarks; and if not then convinced, let him hum to himself the following words—

"At the siege of Belleisle
I was there all the while,"

the air of which he has exactly imitated.

RANSFORD.

LOVE IS LIKE A SUMMER FLOWER. Words by J. W. Lake. Music by Stephen Glover. (Written and composed expressly for Miss Ransford.)—This is a song in E flat, with a graceful and smooth melody that is likely to be caught up and become popular. It has been composed expressly for Miss Ransford, who sang it very successfully at the Haymarket. The words are written with the usual talent of the author; but we must remind him that he has been guilty (unconsciously, perhaps), of a reproduction, for we have in our music-book the published copy of an old song, which thus commences:—

"Love is like a little flower
That's plucked, then withers in an hour;
Oh, love is like the sunny ray
That flashes o'er a winter's day!"

We are fully aware of the difficulty of finding new subjects, but true genius is never at a loss, particularly when a theme has been embodied by such a production as "My love is like a red, red rose."

STRANGE.

CHRISTIAN PSALMODY; OR, SONGS FOR SABBATH EVENINGS.—Parts 1 and 2.—This is a well got-up and elegant collection of psalms, hymns, anthems, and chants, arranged for the voice, pianoforte, and organ. To families uniting a love of music with a proper veneration for the Sabbath, the compilation, which is to be completed in five parts, will prove highly acceptable. It is preceded with introductory hints for the proper performance of sacred music, and each part contains about twenty pieces. The tunes are all admirably arranged.

LITERARY MIRROR.

THE FORGERY; OR BEST INTENTIONS. By G. P. R. James, Esq. London: Newby.

Henry Hayley, a youth of sixteen, is employed by his supposed father to negotiate a bill which the latter has forged. He does so; his father dispatches him on a journey to borrow a large sum of money, and on his return discovers the secret. The son, to save his father, consents to go abroad and bear the stigma of the crime. He is pursued by justice; hunted from place to place, and at length fairly run in at a monastery at Ancona. The Bow-street officer is, however, deceived by the sight of a dead body represented by the good monks to be that of the fugitive, and returns to England. Henry Hayley is, however, not dead. Years after he returns to England under an assumed name, and a long chain of circumstances precedes the *denouement*, when Henry's innocence is made manifest; his claims to a large estate proved, and his share in the transaction fully explained. Such is the principal incident upon which Mr. G. P. R. James has built up one of his most amusing romances: a romance, as usual, without the least tinge of anything that is offensive or objectionable, told in easy, flowing language, worked out with the skill of a practised novelist, and full of interest. "The Forgery" is a tale, which, when taken up, cannot well be laid down until its conclusion, for the interest is so untiring, and the excitement far from little. There is nothing wearisome in the novel, we read page after page, chapter after chapter, volume after volume, without pausing; and as the array of characters passes before us, feel an interest in each and all of them, from the hero himself down to Mingy Bowes, the swindling dealer in marine stores. And this reminds us that we ought, perhaps to speak of a few of the characters in detail. In doing so we cannot but compliment Mr. G. P. R. James on the skilful manner with which he puts us on the easiest terms of familiarity with every personage who is introduced to us. The characters in the present novel are distinct and of varied description. The hero himself is an open, noble, generous, and high-spirited man, swayed by quick impulses, and deeply attached to Maria Monkton, a warm-hearted, honourable girl, who thoroughly believes in Henry's innocence, when nearly every one else looks upon him with anxious and somewhat severe gaze. Lady Ann Mellent, however, is in our opinion the best character in the novel. She is a genuine woman, natural, affectionate, devoid of affectation, and so generous that she will deny herself anything to benefit a friend. It is through her instrumentality chiefly that the happy catastrophe is brought about; and truly one could not devise a better instrument. She is the real heroine of the book, and is one of the finest of Mr. James's creations. Nor must we omit to mention Lady Fleetwood, who does everything with the best intention in the world, and yet contrives to spoil every affair in which she interferes. Old Scrivens is a thorough-paced rogue, hard-hearted, calculating, unscrupulous, and revengeful. Charles Marston is a rattling, generous, young fellow, who plays a useful part, and never does anything with a bad intention, though his headlong earnestness sometimes endangers the success of a well-organised plan. Mr. Winkworth is a crabbed, crotchety, but nevertheless excellent old gentleman, through whose instrumentality much good is effected. Joshua Brown, the pedlar, must not be forgotten, he being an honest, stout-hearted man, who serves those whom he intends to serve with honest earnestness, and proves a formidable enemy to those whose roguery he undertakes to confound. Sam Nugent is a good specimen of a thief and a vagabond; and his companion, Bowes, is a perfect picture of a low and sneaking rogue. These are but a few of the characters brought to play upon Mr. G. P. R. James's stages in "The Forgery." The scenes they enacted are vigorously drawn, full of interest and originality. This most popular author is increasing the celebrity of his name by every fresh work he produces. We feel assured that the present will enjoy a success as wide-spread as any of his former productions. It is equal to any of them, which is a high compliment, celebrated as Mr. G. P. R. James is for his extraordinary power of writing fiction. We recommend "The Forgery" as a novel which will amuse its reader continuously and without flagging. Some of the scenes depicted are drawn with really dramatic power. The character of Lady Ann Mellent would be sufficient of itself to ensure the success of the book. "The Forgery" is one of the

best of Mr. G. P. R. James's novels, and as such we strongly recommend it. To speak of the author's talents as a writer would be superfluous. They are known to every reader of fiction; and as each new work is produced from his pen, the conviction will be strengthened that Mr. G. P. R. James is the novel writer, *par excellence*, of the day.

GIOVANNI DUPRE'S STATUES, CAIN AND ABEL. With other Poems. By Julia M——
London: Midamer.

This volume of poems has just come under our notice, and demands from us its meed of praise. Unpretending and modest in size, it yet contains within it many pearls of price and value which entitle its author to no unenviable position amongst the poets of the present day. There is much of freshness, much of hope, much of imagery in the poems; but, above all, there is the evidence of a sincere reverence for divine truths and an appreciation of their value. If we find a dash of melancholy in the pages, and in some too great a despondency for one who has not made a longer sojourn in this world of toil and labour, it is only the tendency often observable in young writers to play with feelings and passions belonging to an age lying beyond them. The very joyousness of their own hearts seems to suggest the opposite extreme; and we often find the gayest writing the most serious poetry, and melancholy people indulging in light, and often comic productions. One must never venture to judge of a poet's heart by fugitive pieces. These are only suggested by passing objects, and are not supposed to be in all cases revelations of his own thoughts and feelings. His sympathies, however, speak in every production; and we may, by attentive study, arrive at a fair notion of what his general character is. In the present little volume the authoress has presented us with several very beautiful pieces of poetry. The first is, though possessing striking lines, not by any means the best thing of which Miss Julia M—— is capable. The account of Giovanni Dupre himself is interesting and well written, as is also the story introduced later, entitled "*Ines de Giascos*." The prettiest pieces are—"The Wave," "Alone," "The Sisters," and "The Mother," which we cannot do better than extract:—

"When storms arise on life's uncertain sea,
And fortune's smiles and youthful joys are past;
When hope is shipwrecked and that lovers flee;
What friend remains still faithful to the last?
Alone a mother!
For fame a warrior sought the gory field:
His wish was met—the laurel bound his brow;
The crowd said—'Hail!' but soon his arms and shield
Bedecked the hero's grave: Who weeps him now?
Alone his mother!
A maiden left her humble cottage-door,
To follow Thalia's giddy laughing train;
But age came on, and when she pleased no more
One friend alone said—'Welcome back again!'
It was her mother!
When first our fathers trod fair Eden's earth,
They ne'er had known the joys of parents' kiss;
How wise that law, for had they dreamt its worth,
E'en Paradise had not been perfect bliss
Without a mother!
Our life begins upon a mother's breast;
Her anxious care its every sweet distills;
By her we're nurtured—fondled—cherished—blest;
And man forgets of life the countless ills
Beside his mother!"

There is sufficient evidence of poetical feeling in this volume to prove that the authoress is capable of rising to higher flights of genius if she will be at the pains to extend as much as possible the circle of these studies which seem already to be varied, elegant, and admirably adapted to feed the poetic mind. We recommend our readers to read the work, as it will afford them on perusal glimpses of far more numerous beauties than we have been able, from our limited space, to point out. The authoress is clever, amiable, and gifted with much poetic feeling.

TWICE-TOLD TALES. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. Kent and Richards.
From the title of this little 12mo we surmise that the series of fragmentary tales and

essays of which it consists have already appeared in the minor periodicals. The work is manifestly the production of a pen well drilled in ordinary composition, but accustomed to a beaten track rather than the turns and passages which a bold original genius so loves to hew out for itself. There are good ideas throughout, and with a more concentrative brain and vigorous hand the author might have imparted to his materials a much higher degree of interest than they possess; as it is, however, they contain attractions for numberless readers who prefer a plainly-written short tale to one that tasks the intellect too highly; and we feel no hesitation in predicting that when Mr. Hawthorne's powers become matured, he will be found a valuable contributor to the literature of his time. As a specimen of his style and originality of fancy, though not of composition, we would point out the singular little article entitled "Dr. Heidegger's Experiment."

BIBLOMANIA OF THE MIDDLE AGES, or Sketches of Bookworms, Collectors, Bible Students, Scribes, and Illuminators. F. Somner Mereweather.

Every work having for its contents a condensation of diffused matter must possess a value, however ill written; but when the production bears the impress of a cultivated mind, and has emanated from a man who appreciates as well as understands his subject, and possesses, moreover, the necessary intellectual gifts which enable him to spread a charm upon his subject, it boasts of a value beyond all price. Such is the little 12mo. volume before us. It numbers two hundred and twelve pages; yet within that small compass it contains a mass of matter sufficient to load the shelves of an entire library, and written with so much perspicuity and beauty that we devour the musty biblical lore of ages with as much zest as we should a modern romance. An epitome such as this was much wanted. The information it contains is of value to every educated man, and yet its sources are so difficult of attainment, so tediously dry, and so diffused, that students have hitherto preferred ignorance to the trouble of extracting so little wheat from so much chaff. The evil is now remedied; and this will prove a volume that will be essential to the smallest book-case, as a careful perusal will put the reader in possession of an extent of valuable erudition which it would have cost him a lifetime to acquire from the huge *tomes* from which they have been condensed. It might have been entitled "Learning made Easy:" for whoever retains its contents in memory may pass in conversation for a man of the profoundest acquirements. More cannot be said to recommend the production to every enlightened reader. We confess to having added to our own stock of knowledge by the perusal.

JOHN JONES'S TALES FOR LITTLE JOHN JONESES. By G. P. R. James, Esq., author of the "History of Edward the Black Prince," &c. London: Cradock and Co.

"A new work from the pen of James!" we exclaimed, with much satisfaction, on taking up the handsomely got-up pair of duodecimos which form the two volumes into which the work before us is divided. Our favourable impressions were somewhat lessened as we unclosed the book, for a worse specimen of typography never emanated from the fount of a provincial jobber. Narrow margins and lines wide enough apart to admit of the incorporation of the second volume with the first, without displacing a single line of either, impart such an ugly face to the book that we had to give a loud summons to our impartiality ere we could resume its inspection in a proper spirit. Nor did the title altogether please us. It struck us as being illiterate as well as vulgar, and we thought that Mr. G. P. R. James might have addressed his tales to a name more purely English, and of more attractive euphony than the one he has chosen. The alliterative "s" is always inelegant. However, we liked the principle on which the work seemed written, as it reminded us of the "Tales of a Grandfather," from the pen of dear old Sir Walter; but when we came to dip into the first chapter we returned in dismay to the title-page to assure ourselves that we had not mistaken the name of the author. Having ascertained that the book was really the production of a writer bearing the same far-famed designation as he of "The Field of the Cloth of Gold," we pursued our way to the preface, to ascertain if it contained any explanation of the miserable falling off in style we had detected in our glance at the text. No! none. It was rather encouraging, nevertheless, than otherwise; for our eye alighted on the following well-conceived passage:—"Everything to which people attend very much they are sure to remember. If I cut a line deep in a slate with a penknife, nobody can rub it out; but if I only draw it with a slate-pencil it is gone in a moment. Those who wish to know anything must attend, for attention is the pen-knife, and memory is the slate." Overlooking the homeliness of the expressions for the value of the remark, we once more turned to the body of the contents.

A more impudent attempt at book-making was never issued from the press. It is a paraphrase of Goldsmith's "History of England," without one single gleam of the charms

of thought and expression with which that delightful author invested his somewhat imperfect book. The dry facts alone have been extracted in a style of such crudity and harshness that it no more resembles "the manner and fashion" of a tale than a flogging is like a game at whipping-top. Haste, a railroad haste, marks every sentence; fact is hurried upon fact with confusing closeness; and instead of being enabled by intervening remark or explanatory comment to dwell upon the landscape of passing events, we are whirled from the beginning to the end of a reign with a speed that renders us giddy, and disables us from receiving a single impression. Tales there are none. The title is a barefaced cheat, and the boy who is entrapped by it to enter upon a perusal of the work will speedily throw it aside in disgust at its insufferable dullness. We could have forgiven the author had his production boasted originality of view or novelty of idea to recommend it, but a mere dry narrative of historical incidents huddled one upon the other is intolerable, and we cannot but designate the compilation as an unwarrantable attempt to thrust aside, under false pretences, the valuable history books already in existence, and which are to be found in every school where reading is taught.

REVELATIONS OF LIFE; and other Poems. By John Edmund Reade. London: Parker, 1849.

The present volume is an extraordinary production, which will not even in this age pass without notice, though, unfortunately for the gifted, theirs is frequently not the enjoyment of the present, but the hope of the future. To ordinary minds the brilliant though distant glory which coming generations will shed upon the head of the inspired poet, appears but as a phantom or illusory hope, which will not, cannot compensate them for the neglect of the often envious spirits of the present. But the true poet, though in his heart's innermost recesses he may grieve over the want of appreciation displayed in the age in which he lives of what he has exhausted his energies to lay bare before them, is content to look forward to another generation for his reward. He knows—for in this particular he is gifted with prescience—he knows, we say, that as inevitably as the years roll on the future spirits moving on earth's surface will pronounce unerring judgment upon what has been handed down to them of the literature of the past; and that judgment will be divested of prejudice, partiality, and envy. We are often more generous towards our ancestors than towards our contemporaries, and give them with a full heart their due meed of praise, when, just at the moment when we know we might excite a pleasurable thrill through the poet's mind by letting him indeed hear his praises, we forbear. But we must not be supposed to mean that this is always the case. There are amongst the supporters of the public press noble-spirited men, who would scorn to detract from the merit of a contemporary, or award him less than the due amount of praise his genius demands. But there are two sides to every picture; and among the critics of this generation are numbers who are deterred, from a variety of petty motives, from speaking frankly. Again, it often happens that their intellects are not capable of embracing in its whole extent the subject which the poet has encircled with light, and they cannot comprehend feelings, hopes, and aspirations which well up naturally in his mind.

There are minds, however, which, while content also to look forward, will not settle down calmly to wait the event of the future, but struggle to make their merits recognised by the force of their genius. Of this class is the author of the volume now before us. Mr. John Edmund Reade does not come before us depending only on the merits of this one volume, but relying partly on those of numerous other works, which the public has read, and cannot have forgotten. There is ever arising, however, a new class of readers, whose attention it is requisite we should in some sort direct. They must, properly to understand the whole philosophy of our poet, go back to his earlier works, and reading, trace the character of the man, which is ever revealed in some way or another in poetical productions. In "Catiline," "Cain the Wanderer," and "Italy," Mr. Reade displayed his poetic power equally. He then proved that his genius was of no mean order; that he was capable of basking in the highlands of poetry, and soared far above most of his contemporaries. But whatever may have been the inspiration that prompted our author's former poems, it did not equal that which has caused the present production to emanate from his pen. In the "Revelations of Life" he has concentrated all his poetic fancy, his yearnings after the beautiful—not material but ideal—his flights heavenward, and his communion with the stars. With nature he is on the most familiar terms; she seems best to understand his impulses, and in her breast he finds a response. The deep rolling waters, which present only a surface of waving inequality to many minds, have a voice for him which enters his very soul. On the rocks he is free; in the solitudes of woods he is at ease; but amongst a few men he is better than amidst the throng. The great mass of mankind are too rough to mingle habitually with the poet, who there-

fore finds that in the peaceful haunt where nature sits brooding on the new beauties she shall display he can best forge his fancies.

The "Revelations of Life" are intended to convey a tale of passions, surging high and impetuous, but wrecked at last; of hopes awakened, ambitions kindled, and fiery impulses, which all impetuous natures will comprehend well, and the object is accomplished; all is told that the author intended—all is laid bare. But the poet's lesson is not a perfect one. He addresses himself to the world, in which he must remember that there are few of these sensitive natures existing. And it is well that it is so, else what would become of us as a nation? If all were intent so much on their feelings, and understood them like the poet, he would be more successful. Our readers, however, must seek in Mr. Reade's volume for its own beauties. We cannot point them out: they exist in no particular place. The whole is full of beauty, feeling, fancy, imagination, and all that can render productions of this nature satisfactory. We give one specimen only, that our readers may have some idea of the spirit of the poem:—

"I do recal
That date-day of my life: How bounded forth
My spirit, opening o'er that vast expanse
Above the luminiferous ether spread;
On the horizon line, the far-off waves,
Glittering in light, bannered with glorious clouds,
On coming like some multitudinous host,
Foam-crested, rolling on blue flashing lines,
Broke in reverberating thunders! I
Knelt down and heard the mighty coming; filled
With inspiration of the priests of old—
The reverential awe of the great deep!
I stretched my hands forth to embrace the power
In-rushing on my soul! I stood before
Nature, and felt her heaving life;
I heard the innermost pulses throbbing at her heart—
Mountains, and sands, and ocean filled my being:
And the serene sky, calm as Godhead's brow,
Looking on agitation. I beheld
The spirit of joy cleave through the rushing waves:
I heard them shouting through their rocky halls
Innumerable laughter, as they came
From their long wandering, rejoicing home."

In conclusion, we must observe that Mr. Reade may rest assured that such poetry will—nay, must, meet with the response it deserves; sooner or later—if not now, at least hereafter.

AN HISTORICAL AND STATISTICAL ACCOUNT OF THE BERMUDAS, FROM THEIR DISCOVERY TO THE PRESENT TIME. By William Frith Williams. London: Newby.

Juan Bermudez, when, in 1515, he discovered the group of islands which now bear his name, rendered an important service to geography. The Bermudas are valuable and important islands, and it is to be regretted that so little information exists concerning them. The author of the present volume, Mr. William Frith Williams, deserves the thanks of the public for the interesting and well-written account with which he has presented them. He commences with a description of the first discovery of the group, and the earliest notice taken of it by the English. Henry May's adventures are related in striking and vigorous language—while the shipwreck of Sir George Lane is described so well that we feel the interest which the most extravagant fiction excites. The history of the group from that period to the present is given, and the whole subject of the relations between it and this country. Some portions of the historical sketch will be found interesting only to those personally connected with the islands; but the same cannot be remarked of the concluding chapters, which contain a general description of the Bermudas; their geology, climate, agriculture, productions, commerce, and its constitution, revenue, and expenditure, church establishment, education, tradesmen, steamers, mails, public institutions, &c.,—all this information rapidly summed up. The chapter is full of interest.

The Bermudas are low islands, barriered round with a range of breakers and sunken rocks, and green and verdant nearly all the year round. Several fine harbours afford facilities for commerce, while a mild climate offers advantages to the settler. The re-

sources of the group are not developed to their proper extent, agriculture is neglected, and the forests are not attended to with half sufficient care. Abundance of productions of grain and grass, fruits, arrow-root, and potatoes, impart a value to the islands; though trade is declined through the indolence of its inhabitants. From what we have said it may be inferred that the volume is replete with matter of no small interest, which is conveyed in well-drawn and rapid language. The author possesses much talent, and were it not that he occasionally devotes his remarks to matters of trifling and purely local interest, we should pronounce his work one which will prove interesting to every reader. This, however, is his occasional fault, though it does not interfere with the general value of the work, which is an excellent one, and, as such, is likely to meet with a large degree of public favour.

GARDENING FOR CHILDREN. Edited by the Rev. C. A. Johns, B.A., F.L.S. London: James Cox, King William-street, Strand.

Among the numerous little works intended chiefly for the information and amusement of children which are appearing at this season, the present holds a high position. The language is so simple and unassuming that the most juvenile reader will comprehend it; while the directions contained in it—which the editor says he derived from an eminent practical gardener—are equally suited for the cottager and amateur, who may only have a small plot of ground under cultivation. A little tale is interwoven into the book, thus rendering it more acceptable to the child; while the clearness of the directions given, the admirable manner in which those directions are arranged, the completeness of their detail, and the simple anecdotes introduced, combine to render the little volume as pleasant as it is useful. The Rev. C. A. Johns deserves much credit for the manner in which he has performed his task, and we can recommend the book in no better way than by recalling to the memory of our readers those delightful little works, "*Botanical Rambles*" and "*Forest Trees of Britain*," "*A Week at the Lizard*," with which we are sure many of our readers are familiar.

The mode of cultivating the various annuals, mignonette, convolvulus tri-colour, sweet peas, the china aster, &c., is first explained. Biennials then come under our notice, then perennials,—a walk in the flower-garden, to vary the matter. The fruit-garden and the kitchen garden are next treated of. The implements of gardening, the means of destroying vermin, &c., are also described with clearness and accuracy. A knowledge of the contents of this little work would enable the reader to acquire no inconsiderable knowledge of gardening, one of the most useful and graceful of occupations. We are sure that the volume will meet with the success it deserves. It is the completest of its kind.